



The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

NOVEMBER, 1959
FIFTY CENTS



YES NO
PROPOSITION

YES NO
PROPOSITION

YES NO
PROPOSITION

MAYBE
PROPOSITION

Editor's Choice: *THE DAME GAME*

A



B



**STUART JAMES
CARL WINSTON
BURTON WOHL
CARLTON BROWN**





To find out why she's "Sweet as the Primrose," see page 15.



THE DUDE



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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Cantrell

"Them's going to be cold winter nights this year and you've got to be protected out there in that Montana cabin in the middle of that blizzard," I said to Wyatt Earp the other evening.

Everybody knows, of course, that Wyatt Earp is one of the best dressed cowboys in the Wild West. I had decided to show old Wyatt some of the coming big sweaters for the fall which I had picked up on a visit to my old friend Max Hess, of Hess Brothers in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Max has a sweater department second to none in the nation and when I showed Wyatt the wares, he checked his guns with the information girl and decided to take the tour with me.

Max knows how to be a good host and he had provided two of the cutest little cowgirls we'd ever laid eyes on. They had barely a scant on besides their gunbelts and cowgirl boots, with little bottles of gin sticking out for the world to see. But enough of the scenery. Let's get down to the sweaters.

The first creation was by Gino Paoli of Italy and had been imported to this country exclusively by Hess Brothers. It was a warm, cuddly, wool, hip length sweater with a shawl collar, two pockets in the front and rib stitching that showed up as a lovely design in black and gray. Shawl collars, which began in tuxedos not too many years ago, have made the complete cycle into suits, and now sweaters.

The shawl collar in a sweater is an especially nice addition because you

can pull it up and keep warm on those chilly winter nights. It's also very good for those of you who like to sit in the balcony, because it gives that added little pillow when she rests her head on your shoulder. (Picture one)

Our cowgirl number one drifted away, followed by Wyatt Earp's gaze and my wolf whistle. At the same moment, out of the Hess Brothers' stockroom came cowgirl number two and she was bringing forth a suede and knit sweater with colored rings around its neck. (Picture two)

In brown suede and brown wool knit, the sweater is accented by white, brown and black wool rings under a low, stretch turtleneck top. Made as a windbreaker, it's great for sports-car riding.

The third sweater which the girls brought out together (it was so beautiful they couldn't bear to part with it), was another wool, loosely woven, white and black creation. (Picture three) The girls helped me try it on.



Wyatt Earp helped the girls help me try it on. It looked great. The neck is like the neck on a shirt, and thus the name, shirt-sweater. The stripes run vertically for the slimmer look and the collar is trimmed in a slim line of black striping. Lipstick stains are sure to come out in the wash and it's just the thing for a ski trip up the mountains.

The fourth sweater (picture four), which I had to try on myself (Wyatt Earp had taken the two cowgirls back into the corner for a drink of water), was a green, wool, V-necked sweater with horizontal stripes. It was warm, dashing and . . . where the hell was Earp. I could tell by the way his spurs jangled that he wasn't far away. Sure enough, he was coming around the bend with an arm around each of the cowgirls, a carton of Hess Brothers' sweaters dragging on his gunbelt.

Wyatt had decided to stay a while.

The cowgirls were singing western chanties and smiling at the cowboy star as if there were no other men in the world. Well, I was there and one of those dates was MINE. Wyatt Earp, Frank Sinatra, or even Senator Kennedy wasn't going to take her away from me. But the girls, ever true to their jobs, brought out the final two garments in the Hess Brothers collection.



The last sweater, which you can buy in a variety of colors, is probably one of the newest and most original designs out. Hip length, in matching wool with a belt and a three button opening at the collar and swept back collar tabs, the sweater was snug, eye-catching and warm as hell. (Picture five)

The girls were pretty eye-catching too. We had only one new style to go. And this was where Hess Brothers of Allentown did themselves proudest. It was a coat (picture six) from West Germany which cost about \$150.00, with a wool lining from collar to coat bottom. It had three buttons and the leather was a natural color—off yellow. Bright, sparkling, new, different, were all ways to describe what I thought was one of the most fashionable sportscoats to come out this season.

Wyatt Earp liked it too but he still had his eyes on those two cowgirls. So did I. These days you can't be too careful and you have to watch every move these cowboys make, especially when they're famous.

Wyatt looked to me as if he planned to take both of the girls out on the town. I slowly crept up behind him as he watched the girls pack away the fashions. Quickly, but with a heavy hand, I belted him on the top of the head and, as he sank to the floor momentarily stunned, I grabbed the Hess Brothers sweater collection and tied him, arms, legs and neck with all the woollies.

Finally, I took the imported wool



coat and gently placed it over him, so that all you could see were the two cowboots peeping out from the bottom. I took one girl in one arm and the other girl in the other arm and the three of us lived happily ever after.

When you write to Hess Brothers in Allentown, Pennsylvania, to find out some more information about the sweaters I've mentioned, do me a favor and ask them how Wyatt is getting along. For all I know he's still there and all those people on his television show in Hollywood have been thrown out of work.



PUB-LICLY YOURS

By Phil Strassberg

Around New York City nightlife the name Nicky Blair, to middle-aged wolves, revives memories of a bygone era. An era when chorus cuties corraled oil-and-cattle wealthy cowboys for costly baubles, bangles and beads, and mischievous minx made mince-meat of lecherous, moneyed merchants and marched around in four-figure minks—and it merely nudged a yawning, buried item in gossip columns.

(Today, if a pretty, prancing pony snares a live one and winds up with diamonds and chinchillas, it not only is played up by the three-dot columnists, it sometimes makes a curvy picture on page three of the tabloids.)

Why does the mention of Nicky Blair stir the gray matter? Because he ran the fabled Paradise Club in the days when twenty or thirty fabled paradises dotted the multi-mazda'd thoroughfare called the longest street in the world—Broadway.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, The Great White Way of Damon Runyon, Mark Hellinger and Walter Winchell was truly a paradise. And Nicky Blair's club was the scene of many a cradling romance, a fast-and-furious floor show, wooden-legged guzzlers and the hangout for busted-beaked glamour boys—portrayed so realistically on the screen by Messrs. Muni, Cagney, Robinson and Raft.

Things aren't the same along Glitter Gulch (a term created for Broadway by the late newspaper editor, Jack Lait) today. There are only sev-

eral important oases flourishing in what was once the nightlife capital of the country. And there are fewer cuticle-paraders for well-sugared swains to bust their bankroll over.

But Nicky Blair? Well, around nine years ago, mellowed from those frenetic years, he opened wide the portals to Blair House, a smart dining parlor at 30 West 56th Street which retains the rugged flavor of Blair's rugged days via its dark, wood-paneled walls.

Nicky Blair is on hand to greet old friends from the Roaring '20s and Flirty '30s as well as folks, like this writer, who, regrettably, were born too late to enjoy yesteryear's fast-and-furiousness. But, if you are fortunate enough to have Nicky sit with you while you savor the many savory dishes on Blair House's menu, you may relish his fascinating stories about that halcyonian era.

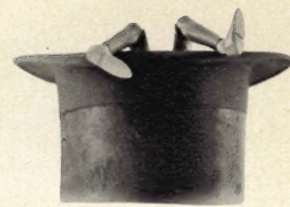
Blair House is divided into two rooms, the second of which you must step down several steps to enter. I suggest the latter room (and any of its four corners) for those with lustier thoughts involving their bustier escorts who wish to avoid the stares of the steak-chompers. The steaks, roast beef and chops, more than incidentally, are of the same high quality associated with Blair enterprises of other years. There's a great variety of meat and fish dishes to choose from and the prices are modest. It is one of the smarter New York restaurants.

Detroit has long been burdened with the title of The Motor City. But if it continues to come up with lush, plush and super-modern nightclubs such as The Roostertail, it could—conceivably—be renamed The Glitter City.

The Roostertail first began to crow—and proudly strut—in June of 1958. It has a number of unique attractions, its most obvious being its address: 100 Marquette Drive—on the waterfront. This waterfront is not the kind you see in murky suspense films which win Academy Awards for Eva Marie Saint. This one is on the Detroit River, across from the Detroit Yacht Club.

And directly adjacent to the Roostertail Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge is the Roostertail Marina—which has guest docks for customers to tie up their boats before enjoying

(turn to page 70)



IN YOUR HAT

I just returned from lunch, stunned, as always by the incredible visual aphrodisiac that is N.Y. woman... You can prate all you want to about Parisian chic and how handsome they grow gals down Texas way, and how beautiful even the carhops are out in Hollywood's neck of the woods, but I've been there, chum... and none of them can hold a candle to Manhattan's maidens.

Which brings us by easy degrees to a teen-age game I used to play... Wonder if you did, too. You're on a bus or a train and your beady little eyes are ever on the alert for the best looking gal on the bus, train or subway; you've decided in your greedy manner that you can choose any girl on the conveyance and instantly be spirited away to a desert island.

Remember?

The only improvement I ever made on this universal pastime was that I insisted to myself that whichever gal I chose, I was stuck with... If the moment after I selected the lucky girl, another, even more magnificent female, were to make her appearance, I could not take her... This made me, I must confess, highly selective! And there you have the secret of why *The Dude's* ladies are always so lovely... the selective eye, gents, ever the selective eye!

While I'm on the subject of Manhattan, an island with which I've been having one of the longest love affairs in history, I guess the surprises she always has up her sleeve are an elemental part of my passion.

I would have sworn that in my various peregrinations I had hit practically every restaurant of note known to a man with a good digestion like mine, and an appetite to match.

I was wrong as usual. Hidden away down at 21 Van Dam Street, just below the Village, is a place called Renato's where I had one of the best meals that my jaded palate has ever purged over.

Spark-plugged by a chef who has been there for over thirty years, the huge, airy, pleasant place is a delight.

(turn to page 58)



queen's
corner



canvasback honeymooner

Throw away those travel folders—here's the way to spend a real, do-it-yourself honeymoon: a steel-bodied, king-size (52" by 80") hammock that won't tip over. It comes with deep valance, long fringe and a full width tufted bolster pillow. Specify green or red plaid. Shipped freight collect\$24.00



mirror-sharp roto-shine

The old Legionnaires used mirrors on their toes to play their little tricks, but the modern gent doesn't have to. Ronson's amazing new electric shoe polisher cleans and buffs shoes, mirror sharp. Complete kit includes shoe polisher, buffer and five extra pads, brushes and polish in brown and black—and wooden shoe-shine box.....\$23.50



seven sister step-ins

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her Seven heavenly, curve-hugging nylon panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree container can be used as a jewel Box\$6.95



hat-teras coasters

You sing out, "Right from the Hatteras Coast," as you serve up her drink in a miniature hat—and she'll know you've used your head. Four straw hats, each with its own unique color hat-band—one for each day of the holiday weekend. Practical too, for the cork lining absorbs moisture. Packed in a miniature hat box, four for.....\$5.00



key chain combination

A miniature pair of pliers and screw-driver from Italy. The key chain is brass and the tool case is genuine leather. Extremely handy for the fixiteer. Fiddle with these over martinis and maybe the hint will bury itself way down deep in her subconscious. If not, you still have an excellent do-it-yourself item\$2.50



slide rule links or clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp or cuff links. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, either set is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative, useful and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C, and D. Specify sterling silver or gold plate. Either item for\$6.95

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

11/59

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ Canvasback Honeymooner

_____ Mirror-Sharp Roto-Shine

_____ Seven Sister Step-Ins

_____ Hat-Teras Coasters

_____ Key Chain Combination

_____ Slide Rule Cuff Links
_____ Slide Rule Tie Clasp



"AGE OF THE MORON"

Dear DUDE:

My congratulations to Stuart James for his excellent article, "Age of the Moron." [September *Dude*] Wonderful reading, and oh, so true!

Bob Elliott
Long Beach, N.Y.

THE DUDE AS "GODPARENT"

Dear DUDE:

Thanks for sending me the September issue of *Dude* with my humor piece ["Birds of Paradise"] in it. You may be interested in the consequences. . .

It's said that no one exists without some effect on others. Your publishing firm's check enabled me to launch an effort I've long believed necessary. After reading the enclosed pamphlet [entitled "The Survival Idea"]—which you in reality paid for—I would appreciate your assistance in publicizing the idea. I'm writing to you in your inadvertent guise as "Godparent."

Burt Kaufman
Box 252
Boston, Mass.

Ed. While the editors of *The Dude* take no public position on "The Survival Idea," they are pleased to give Mr. Kaufman the opportunity to bring it to the attention of any of *The Dude's* readers who are interested. His address is above, and he'll probably send you a copy of his pamphlet at the drop of a post card. The gist of the pamphlet is a plan to prevent the total extinction of the human race in the event of a nuclear war.

SOMETHING TO LOOK BACKWARD ON

Dear DUDE:

Once more it is necessary to denounce the transparently obvious circulation-building devices employed by *The Dude* as obviously transparent devices for building circulation. The July issue reveals upon its rear cover a scene so palpably contrived to excite correspondence as to border upon incitation to riot! The extent to which this model's

incomparable natural contours have been cunningly retouched and otherwise euphemized infringes thoroughly upon the obscene!

Those classic cusps concealed; these vital vertebrae vanished, that glorious gluttily englobulated, this tantalizing trochanter touched out! All were worthy of a more respectfully forthright presentation. Nor will the slyly unbuttoned legging flaunted by this fabulous flautist be lost upon your resentful readership!

Gestures of this sort become especially heinous when Mystery Pub Inc evidently has access to such elevated avenues to rocketing prestige as the unprecedented laff convulsion on page 54 ["Something to Look Forward to" by Fred Sharr]. Let us have much much more of this ascendant new artist, whose challenge to Hemingway needs no description here! "Watchdog of the Press" Doberman, Ill.

Ed. The editors of *The Dude* are pleased to find that "Watchdog of the Press" agrees with them in rating young Fred Sharr right behind the great Hemingway. We assume reader "Watchdog" is of course referring to Adrian Hemingway, who captions the photos appearing in a foreign language trade gazette, imaginatively titled, "La Meat-Packers' Mensuelle." Mr. Hemingway, in this great age of specialization, is in complete charge of translating the often colloquial cognomens of American beef items into French. And don't think it's a cinch. "Hot Dog," for example, just doesn't go as "Tres Chaud Chien" (which might be taken for a mad canine), nor can just anyone make "Span" comprehensible in one short, snappy French word.

If "Watchdog" (would Hemingway call that "Chien à la tic-toc"?) is interested in writing fan mail to Hemingway, he is advised to correspond directly, in care of general delivery, Noumea, Nouvelle Calédonie.

A MATTER OF TASTE

Dear DUDE:

I've heard of Young and Rubicam,

that's Y. & R.; and Norman, Craig and Kummel, that's N.C. & K.; and of course there's the ever-popular Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, known around Mad Avenue as B.B.D.&O. But "Sher, Hawes, Ingersall and Trent"?? [July *Dude*, "Call It TV"] That's really taking the bull by the horse. . .

Simeaux
Augusta, Ga.

IN FAVOR OF A LONG SLEEP

Dear DUDE:

With reference to your essay, "Pleasure Dome Decree" [July *Dude*], I'd sure like to know what you would put in the six by six foot bed. No male of any size would be comfortable. Anyone taller than five feet two inches would, when on his stomach, hang over the end. Why didn't you give us a real man-size bed? I'm six feet two inches tall and have a bed that measures six and a half by seven feet. That's what I call a man-size bed—plenty of room to sleep or . . .

D. L. Grantham
San Antonio, Tex.

Ed. Reader Grantham's slipped ellipsis indicates that he's not referring to man size at all.

THE EYES OF CANADA . . .

Dear DUDE:

Have just read and thoroughly enjoyed the July issue of *The Dude*. Your pictorial essays and stories were, as usual, superlative. Do let us see more of Nancy Crawford. She not only is very shapely, but possesses a very attractive face as well. So many models these days are good looking only from the neck down. I am glad you've been able to locate girls who have it from head to toe (à la Miss Crawford who is really beautiful). Keep up the good work and give us more of your fine, tasteful features.

Jack Graham
Toronto, Ont.

DULL HEADLIGHTS

Dear DUDE:

I call it a nice job, your July issue, that is, I really enjoyed it. But for heaven's sake, Mr. Advertising Director, where is your taste? Or were you out of town when some one accepted the advertisement on page 71 ("Mammalia Americana")? Gee, for that money (\$5.95) a fellow ought to be able to buy them with lights installed. That way I might install a lamp in the barn! Get it?

A. Langsten
The Weirs, N.H.

Ed. Yeah, we get it. Now what do we do with it?

INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGES APROPOS NOTHING

Dear DUDE:

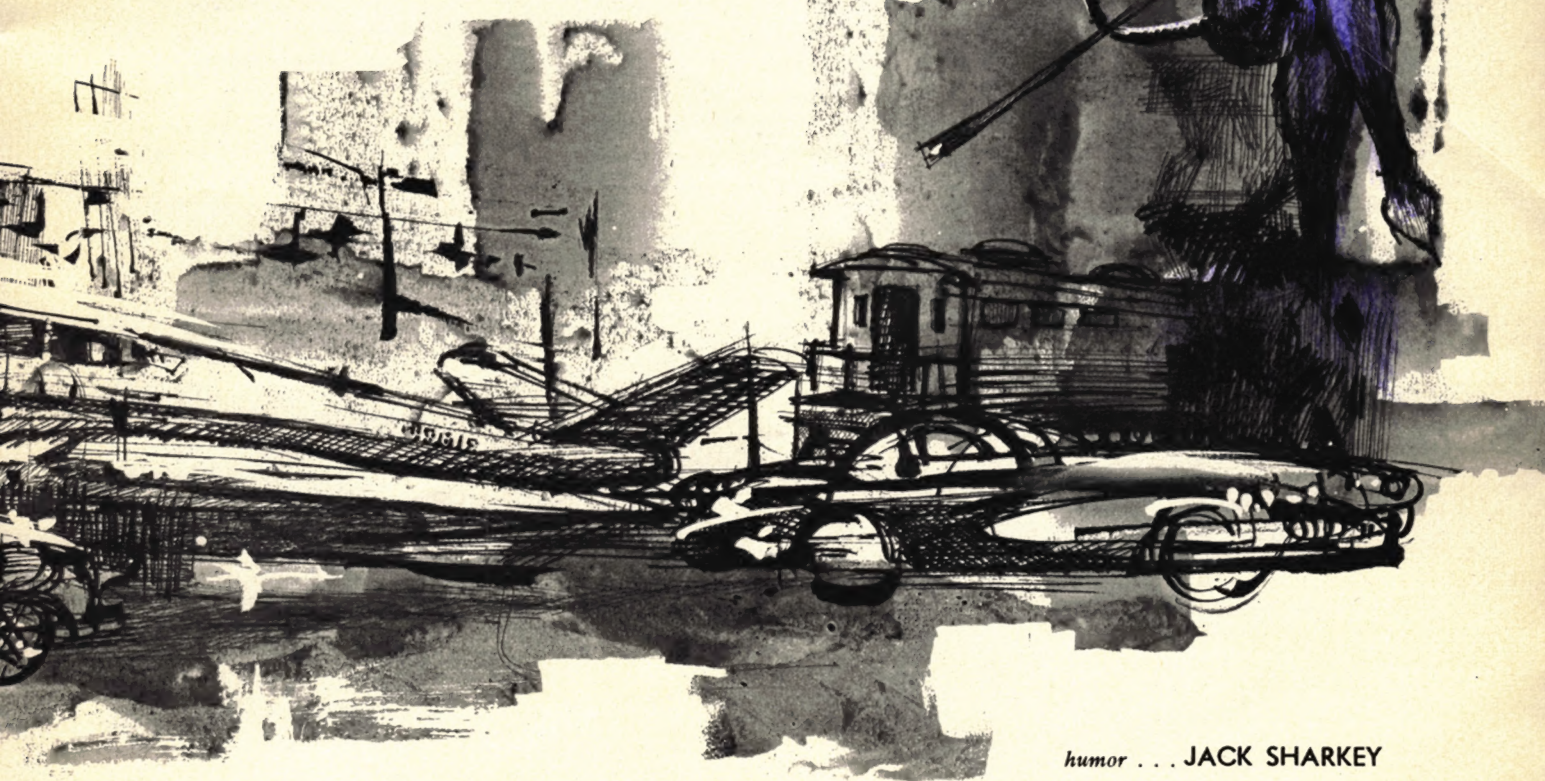
The best appraisal of the present day glamour girl that I have seen is the following: "The glamour chick. The real top drawer type, willowy, very snazzy with the fashion. By our slavish worship of cover girl faces, bulging bosoms and streamlined gams, we have created a new breed of callous, self-centered bitch. She is so spoiled and pampered by our fulsome adoration that she sees no need for good manners, ordinary decency or the use of brains."

Jack Garfield
Lexington, Ky.

Sometimes



you can have everything,
only to find it's
too much of a . . . *Good Thing!*



humor . . . JACK SHARKEY

At the age of thirty-four, Eddie Dempson was on the verge of giving up the whole idea of marriage. The reason was simple: He could not beg, borrow, steal, buy or even force a girl to evince the slightest interest in whether he lived or went skin-diving in an active volcano.

Naturally, he was chagrined and fathomlessly grieved at this state of things. And baffled, too. He'd thought of asking for advice, but—to whom could he turn? *Are* two heads better than one, he wondered. What advice could anyone give me that I have not already read in the ads and fol-

lowed? Do I even *need* cosmetic bolsters for a more satisfying social life?

He had reason for bafflement.

He had the sort of good looks that people look twice at, being the possessor of features that reminded on-lookers simultaneously of Abe Lincoln and Cary Grant. With Eddie's kind of charm—a fat-sparse physique that weighed in at a trim two hundred, skin that glowed with the subtler tones of burnished copper, and a set of shoulders so broad that they had to negotiate most doorways one at a time—all fashions served to enhance his appearance.

He looked handsome with a pompadour and with a crewcut, in a homburg and in a yachting cap—no matter *how* he decked himself, tonsorially or sartorially, he somehow was suited to the style. His friends said that his good looks were too much for one man. His mother said that he should have been twins, just to spread the manly appeal around a little more.

His worldly endowments included a Jaguar and a Corvette, a private railroad car, and a Beechcraft Bonanza to loft him through smiling skies wherever his fancy led.

Top off all the aforementioned

assets with curly anthracite hair, five thousand shares of AT&T, a summer house in Maine, a winter house at Coral Gables, and an unpredictable-weather mansion in both Manhattan and the San Joaquin Valley, and you have what should be the answer to a young maiden's prayers after seven years' sleeping in a steel-wool chemise on a bed of hot cinders.

And yet, Eddie was as resigned to bachelorhood as a swimmer who spots an approaching dorsal fin is resigned to the loss of the deposit on his rented rubber flippers.

He'd tried everything. His platinum-and-jade bathroom in Manhattan was stocked with the most effective odor-killers, tooth-polishers, skin-clearers, eye-brighteners and smile-wideners that his nearly limitless fortune could buy.

In brief, Eddie had everything but a girl. And therefore, he was miserably unhappy.

Lest you think he was suffering from cerebral damage, let it be pointed out that all men are like that. Take any man, give him everything he wants except one thing, and assure him that this one thing will remain

forever out of his grasp, and you have a malcontent on your hands. It's not logical, but it's quite usual.

And so, this almost insignificant lack nagged and tweaked and snagged at him, every waking hour. He saw other young men with less money, and less good looks, and less social position getting married. Or at least getting dates. Or even talking to girls long enough to be *turned down*.

But whenever Eddie approached a girl, her eyes grew glassy, her manner preoccupied, and her interest nil. He could take a stance before a cuddly charmer, and open his mouth and say, "Hel—" and breathe the "—lo!" into the nape of her neck as she found some other attraction.

"What is it with me, anyhow?" Eddie asked himself. "Why, why, why can't I get a girl?"

"Perhaps," said the oily little man with the wispy black moustache, "you don't have what it takes."

Eddie, who hadn't realized he'd spoken aloud, said to his companion, "I hadn't realized I'd spoken aloud."

"Perhaps you *didn't* speak aloud," said the little man, with an unearthly smile and a sly droop of one eyelid.

Eddie took a good look at the man, studying the ruddy tan flesh of the other, the slender, almost fragile bony build of the entire body, a leanness that manifested itself in the features of the man's face as high cheekbones and a long, barely nostrilled nose. The mouth, however—an anomaly in that otherwise vertical composition—was wide, a pink horizontal slash filled with teeth that were bold, long and gleaming.

"I don't believe we've been formally introduced," said Eddie, turning on his stool a bit to look at the man doubly hard.

They were seated in the Zenith Lounge, a glassed-in taproom atop the Fulmont Tower in East Manhattan, where the mere fact that you had been admitted proved your blue blood, enrollment in "Who's Who," and a name that was spoken in jealous whispers in financial circles. So Eddie most naturally assumed he would have at least heard of the man.

The man extended a long, manicured hand with unusually pointed nails. "Brandon Phansigar. My friends call me Brand."

"I am Edward Dempson," said Eddie. "You can call me Eddie."

"I shall," said the other. "When the occasion warrants it." He turned his gaze to his gibbon, and meditatively stirred it with the toothpicked onion.

"You—you were saying?" said Eddie, trying to keep the boyish eagerness out of his voice.

"Saying? About what? Oh! Yes, that."

"Yes, that," said Eddie, already showing no restraint at all.

"I just meant that perhaps I could help you find a solution to your . . . shall we say . . . heart trouble?"

"How?" said Eddie, jogging up and down on the stool impatiently. "How?"

"Calm yourself," said Brand, half-lidded his eyes and sliding them left and right in a mysterious manner. "Not here."

"Where?"

"My place."

"When?"

"Now, if you like."

Brand smiled, bolted his gibbon, sucked the onion from the toothpick tip and slipped from the stool. Then he stared at the Pink Lady and Rob Roy at Eddie's place. "You sure like to mix your drinks," he said, with a small shudder.

(turn to page 60)



THE DUDE



hank chiodo

The rules are strict and must be adhered to when you play . . .

THE DAME GAME

"Sometimes," Les Formann told me while we were sitting together in the Tin Ear Bar and Grill, "life will sneak up behind a man and give him the finger before he knows what's happened!"

"You sound like you've been on the receiving end," I replied.

"To put it bluntly, Fate has kicked me in the butt! I have been loused up but good. I feel like quitting the music business and going to work in a shoe store or something."

"Why?"

"That's the question I keep asking myself. Why should I get the dirty end?" Les spoke feelingly, with the air of a man the gods had let down. "I'm a pretty straight guy, ain't I? You know, yourself. Haven't I always treated you all right? Anyone ever tell you Les Formann sold them out?"

"You're all right," I said.

"I know I'm no boy scout. I like to get mine. But I got ethics, you know. When I think of some of the bastards in this business, why should it be me who always gets it in the neck?"

"What happened, Les?"

"Just a minute," he said, swallowing a hunk of hot roast-beef sand-



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL KILPATRICK

wich and chasing it down with a beer, "I'll tell you."

I was having lunch with Les in order to work out some details on a deal we were closing. But I could see that he'd be in no mood to discuss anything until he got off his chest whatever it was that was bothering him.

Les Formann has a one-man operation called Forward Records, Inc., which he runs from a cluttered, hole-in-the-wall office located in the Fifties between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, within walking distance of the Brill Building.

Les has strictly a premium business. That is, he doesn't turn out recordings to be sold in stores but to be used as premium offers in order to help sell other products. When a TV show, for instance, decides to set lyrics to its theme music and put the song on wax so it can be mailed to eager listeners in return for two boxtops from the sponsor's product plus 25c for handling, the producer may call on Les to handle things.

Why him and not one of the major companies? The main reason is that he's cheaper. Les keeps a large file of talent—singers, musicians, song writers—who need dough badly enough to work for less than minimum scale. And in the premium business, every penny counts.

I was seeing Les that day on behalf of a cereal corporation. Some bright boy got the idea of offering a waxing of nursery rhymes in connection with a new brand of sugared breakfast food.

Les and I spent the morning together, but by noon there were still a few details to be ironed out. So we walked over to the Tin Ear to have lunch and talk some more.

That's when he got off on his kick which I figured I'd better let him get out of his system.

"The whole thing started," Les said, "when this Mannie White phones me to say he's sending over a good looking dame."

"For your talent pool?"

"Yeah, talent," he grinned. "But not singing talent. Part of the dame game, you know."

"The what?"

"Dame game. It's like this: 'You know how these nutty broads are all the time pestering to get in the business? They win a beauty contest in Duluth or a high school singing teacher in Kansas City tells them

they're great and right away they come to New York and want to be recording stars.

"Anyway," Les went on, settling his stocky frame against the cushion of the booth and taking a swallow of coffee, "a group of us decided to get something for ourselves out of it. We made a kind of informal agreement. Whenever a dame would show up, whoever got her would hand her a line about some big deal he had cooking which would make her a star. At the same time he'd do his best to make out. If he couldn't get anywhere, to hell with her. But if he did, he'd tell her that the deal fell through in a few days and pass her along to the next man.

"It works pretty good, too. The whole idea is not to break the chain once it gets started. But, hell, that's no real trick. Once a woman's sucked in by the first guy, she'll keep right on falling. Some of these broads are so dumb they'll go around the list twice before they wise up to what's happening!"

"What about the girl you were telling me about?" I said to hurry him along.

"Yeah. So Mannie White—he's the publisher, you know—calls to tell me he's got something good going. Business being a little slow that day, I told him to send her right up and prepared to twiddle my thumbs until she presses my buzzer.

"She walked in carrying a package and right away my respect for Mannie's taste went up a few notches. He usually went for the fleshy kind of broad, but this girl was different. She was one of these tall slim blondes with swept-back hair do's who carry themselves like queens. Don't get me wrong, though, she was well stacked: curves in all the right places and as soon as I saw her I could tell she had what it takes. Am I coming across?"

"Yes. Go on."

"All right. So I proceed to give her the business.

"I asked her what she did, what she wanted to do, what her plans were—you know, the whole baloney, and she came up with the usual set of answers. She was born in a small town in Iowa or Idaho—I can't keep them straight—won some kind of beauty contest there, sung with the high school band, and took off for New York to get herself a career.

"A perfect set-up! Made to order!"

"And you moved in," I interrupted.

"Sure. You can't let something like that go to waste, can you?"

"At any rate, I listened to her, looking very serious and thoughtful. Finally, I said that I had something coming along, I couldn't go into the details just then, but it would be just perfect for her.

"Don't you want to hear me sing?" she asked.

"Sure," I told her. "But not with you standing there. I got to be alone in order to really give an opinion. Do you have any demo records?"

"She opened the package she brought in and pulled out no less than four demonstration records. I told her to leave them there and I'd play them the moment she walked out of the office. 'Meet me for dinner.' I gave her the name of a restaurant. 'I should have some news about that deal I mentioned by then and if your voice is as good as I think it is, kid, your career is made.'

"She does the real gratitude bit with her eyes and leaves. I placed her acetates on top of the filing cabinet where they wouldn't get broken and tried to catch up on my correspondence—which was no easy task when I found myself daydreaming about what might happen later."

"Did you play her demo records?" I asked.

Les looked at me pityingly. "What do you think I am?" he said. "Don't you know I've been musically trained? Hell, I took lessons on the violin. Everyone said I could have gone on to play in symphony orchestras if I didn't figure I could make a buck easier in the promotion end of the business. I can't afford to louse up my ear by listening to every nutty broad who walks in the front door! My ear's a sensitive instrument, man. When I set up a recording date that's all I got to rely on."

"So you didn't hear her?"

"Naw. Not that I told her that, of course. When I met her for dinner I said she had a great voice. Real commercial. I told her to stick with me and she'd start going places.

"Well, about half way through our meal she started to press me about this big deal I had coming up. I kept stalling, but she grew more insistent. Finally, I told her that I couldn't talk about it there. 'There's still one signature lacking,' I said. 'And if anybody gets wind of it, the whole thing could be called off. If you really

want to get into it, we'll have to go some place where we can have privacy."

"And that would be . . . ?"

"My place. Natch!"

"And she went there?" I asked.

"She didn't want to at first. But I could see that I had her hooked. If she wanted to know all about whatever was supposed to make her a star, she had to string along with me.

"We took a cab down to Forty-Second Street where I keep a hotel room, and I made my pitch the moment the door closed behind us. I didn't know if she was a pushover or not, you see, and I thought if she was, why waste time?

"It was a mistake. A damn near fatal mistake. She began to kick and scratch and curse. I let her go in a hurry. I had to. You know me, I got a temper and when a broad gets physical with me I see red. I didn't want to foul up everything by putting the slug on her.

"I let her rave on about what type of girl she was for a couple of minutes, then I figured that the only way to shut her up was to outshout her. 'Who do you think you are?' I said. 'I was going to make you a headliner! I had it all fixed up! Everything was set. And you call me names because I suddenly had a normal physical yen!'

"I guess she must have felt that no one could be that indignant unless they were sincere because she grew quiet and mopped her eyes with a Kleenex. 'What did you have fixed up?' she asked in a shaky voice.

"I don't think I'll tell you, now."

"Oh, please do."

"All right, then."

"I told her that a cigarette company which sponsors a TV Western was going to make a premium record out of the theme music and that I would handle the whole thing. It was a good story, if I say so myself. Maybe some day it will be true. Anyway she swallowed it like I knew she would, and when I got to the part where I would sign her to sing the lyrics she was flipping for real.

"I didn't let it end there. I explained that once my deal was set I would even consent to become her manager. Using the premium record as a wedge, I pointed out, we'd have no trouble getting her a contract with a major label like Columbia or RCA Victor.

"You got to understand that all the



THE DUDE

"Apparently he likes you very much."

time I was talking, I was also making time. That's the only way to handle these reluctant broads. Just so long as you talk about what great stars they're going to be, they don't know what the hell your hands are doing. You have to keep watching their eyes, though, like with a boxer. As soon as you see they're about to wake up to what's going on, you move fast so they're in no position to fight back.

"That's what I did with this dame. The moment her eyes widened I knocked her off balance and, buddy, she had had it. I don't want to go into details. All I'll say is that it was worth all the trouble.

"Later, I told her that I would be tied up the next day but that I'd meet her in the hotel that evening when I was certain I'd have some news for her.

"The thing went on for three more nights which I guess is par for the course. But then her suspicions were getting stronger and I saw that I had to call a halt if I wanted anyone else to get some benefits out of the deal.

"Don't get me wrong. I wasn't sore about it. What the hell, the \$5.25

I put out for dinner that first night was repaid with interest. Like I say, I like to get mine but I'm not greedy about it.

"I told the girl to meet me in the office at 11:30 the next a.m. when I planned to give her the brush. All I had to do, then, was to decide who to send her to next.

"You know my trouble is that I like to do things for people. When I see a guy who ain't doing too good I like to cheer him up, make him feel better. Ever hear of Sid Argile?"

I nodded slowly, "He's an agent, isn't he?"

"That's what he calls himself. He wasn't doing too good a few months ago. He had some progressive jazz combo that didn't pay the office rent and a rock-'n-roll singer who came down with laryngitis. But I thought he was a nice young kid—clean cut, college-boy type—and I wanted to do him a good turn. So, even though he wasn't one of the group who usually played the dame game, I called him up and gave him a run-down on how it worked.

"Well, this kid was so square I had to repeat myself three times before

he caught on, but finally he got it and told me to send Shirley over.

"What the hell, I felt pretty good about it. At least he'd have a few nights when he could forget about his troubles and then I could tell him where to send her next.

"When the girl showed up I pulled a long face and told her the deal was off. She started to sob, but I cut her off by saying I knew a great agent who could do all sorts of things for her and, as much as I hated to see her go out of my life, her career came first.

"She gathered her acetates and was out of my office almost before I gave her Sid's address. It was the last time I saw her."

I waited to make sure Les had finished talking. "What are you so mad about?" I asked him then. "You got everything you wanted. How did you wind up with the dirty end of the stick?"

Les grunted. "Let's get out of here," he said. "I'll show you."

We paid the check and left the Tin Ear to head down Seventh Avenue.

Les swung ahead of me, his short legs working like pistons. In a couple of blocks he stopped and entered a record shop. I followed him.

"Listen," he said.

I did. I don't know the name of the record that was blaring away, but it is one that you can't escape hearing if you ever listen to a disc-jockey or a juke box. A female voice was hammering out the lyrics in a corny, monotonous but somehow fresh-sounding beat.

"You hear?" Les asked.

"Yes. So what?"

"That's her."

"Her?"

"Yeah. Penny Tucker. That new, sensational singing find. That's the broad."

"But how . . . ?"

"Yeah. How? That jerk Sid Argile. That's how. She goes into his joint and insists he listen to those damn demos. All four of them. Any moron knows how to get rid of a pushy dame. But not Sid Argile. He's too much the all-American boy to kick her out on her can. So he listens.

With her standing there. And, what do you know, she has talent."

Les swore. "You know what he does? He right away grabs a cab and takes her up to Royal Records, gets in to see Benny Arthur the A & R man, and the next thing you know the broad has a contract.

"A million bucks, that's what she's worth. A million bucks and I could have had ten percent of it! But who gets it? A wet-behind-the-ears jerk like Sid Argile."

"But look," I said. "It's your own fault. You could have played those demos."

"Sure, I could. But I'm too smart. I go by percentages. How many times is some cornball from Iowa going to turn out to have a commercial voice? Once in a million, maybe? You can't waste your time trying to buck those odds.

"Don't you see that's what gets me? It's only because Sid Argile is so goddamn stupid and green he doesn't know the odds that he winds up with ten percent of a million bucks!"

I nodded. I wanted to get his mind back to the business I had with him. "It was a tough break all right."

"You can say that again. But that's not all. What really kills me is that this damn Argile turns out so ungrateful after what I did."

"Ungrateful?"

"I didn't tell you about that part yet, did I? Well, after I see this dame's name moving up in the Cash Box listings I thought I'd drop over to see Sid. After all, if it wasn't for me he'd still have nothing but the whispering rock-'n-roller and that out-of-work combo. I thought maybe he'd want to cut me in on something. You know, out of gratitude.

"You know what he did? He threw me out of his office! He said that Penny told him the whole story and he came to the conclusion that I took advantage of her. He even threatened to punch me in the nose!"

"I left, naturally. I'm not the sort of guy to get in a brawl. But can you imagine the nerve of that character. Saying I took advantage of her! Why she's the one who took advantage of me!"

Les raised his voice indignantly. "How do you like that little tramp turning out to have talent?"



THE DUDE

"Mind dragging me downtown? I have to do a little shopping."



pictorial essay



"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn..."

Sweet As The Primrose

...peeps beneath the thorn."

Oliver Goldsmith wrote it, long before lovely, seemly and demure Janet Stevens ever stunned and conquered a vast and inquiring audience of male eyes.

For, as Janet so unassumingly demonstrates, modesty is neither act, nor fact, nor even an appearance of same. It's a state of mind, a cerebral pos-

ture that exists not only in the eyes of the beholder, but in the mind of the beheld, as well.

You can't measure modesty in square inches, it being the most relative of all human attitudes. Can you imagine Bubbles Bazoo, premiere stripteuse at the local bump and grindery, being called modest even before the can-can grinds into action? She may be gowned from toe to teeth but she's always Bubbles Bazoo, shrill, strident and bumptious.

But, switching from the raucous to the sublime, Brigitte Bardot in a potato sack can appear bolder and more tempting than Grace Kelly in a potato peel with the eyes removed. For it's your eyes that shape the definition of modesty.

And it's the lady's innate response to your eyes that fosters the mental image therein.

How does the lady get that way? The environmentalist might claim she'd learned it as she gently scaled life's escalade, and the geneticist might insist she was to "the manner born."

In Janet Stevens' case, who knows, and what's more, who cares?

To Janet, coyness is an exclusive coinage and shyness a unique property.

To see her in the glory that







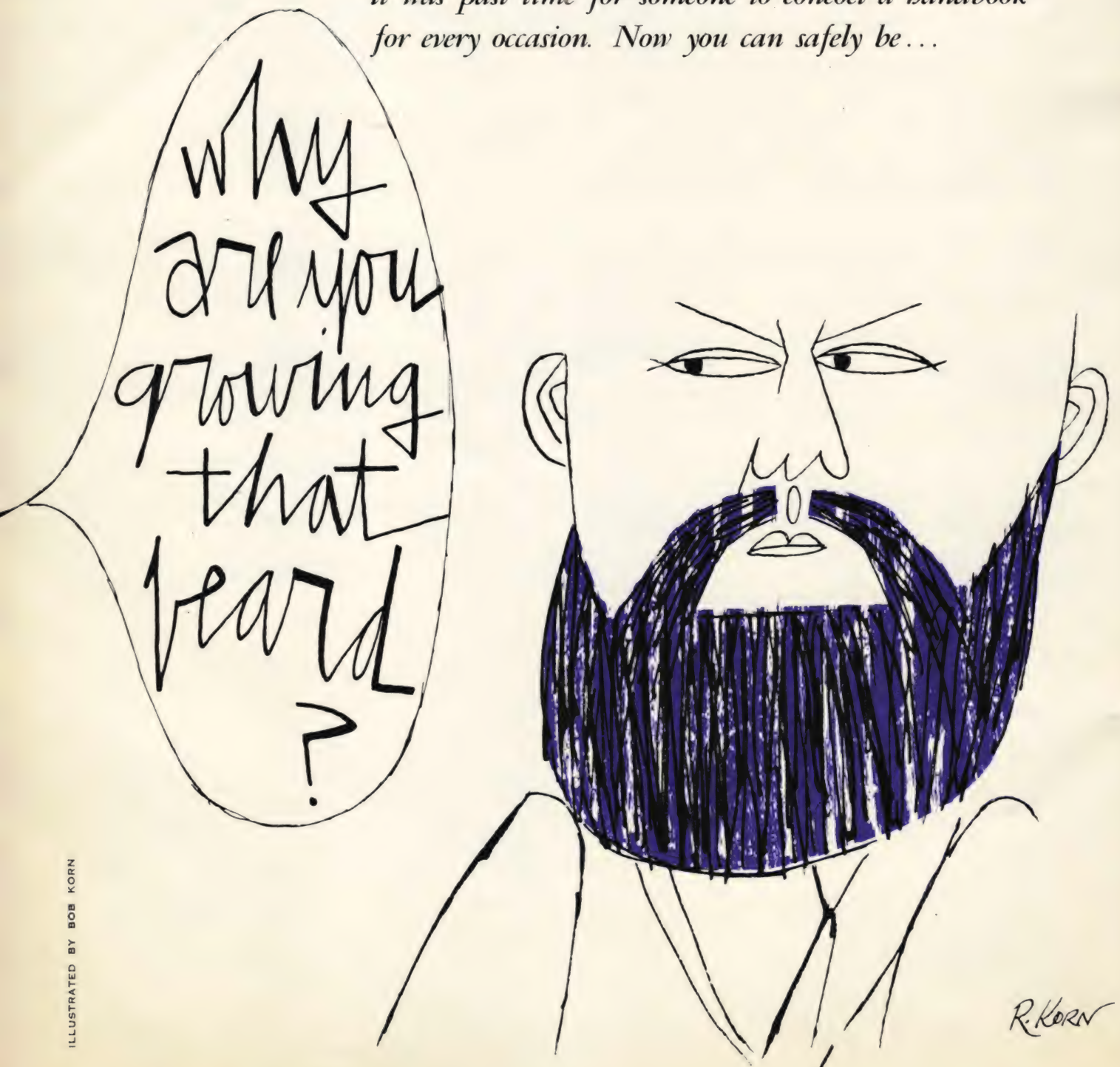
nature intended is to throw away your library reference books and really understand the naked, unashamed "blush of the rose..."

To see her in the frills and finery created by an immature society is finally to fathom the vanity of that society, and of frills and finery...

Janet's "modest looks" might, indeed, any man's "cottage adorn," and surely, to him, will be "all earthly pleasures fore'er foresworn."



*With birsute adornments sprouting on every other face
it was past time for someone to concoct a handbook
for every occasion. Now you can safely be . . .*



BEARDED IN YOUR DEN!

There is no deeper or more searching test of a man's sense of humor than his growing a beard. I suspect that it would test a woman's, too, if she grew one. Every amateur Allen and home-grown Gobel figures that he must exercise his wit on your adornment.

Very early I made up my mind that I was never going to give the same answer twice to the question, "Why are you growing that beard?" I confess that I have broken my resolution on one or two occasions when ingenuity failed me, but on the whole I have done well at inventing reasons. I thought it would be a service to other beard-raisers if I shared some of them here.

1. "I'm getting tired of being mistaken for Stan Freberg." This is especially effective for my use because I don't in the least resemble Freberg. I would recommend for anyone who looks at all like Freberg the following alternative: "I'm getting tired of being mistaken for Sid Caesar." This last would be particularly squelching if you happened to be Sid Caesar.

2. "Charming, isn't it?" This should be spoken with a strikingly vivid leer, so as to convey the impression that you have designs on the sweet young thing who asked you.

At worst this will stop the conversation completely. At best she may agree with you and reveal that she has designs too. Another response which has a similar effect is as follows: "It's so pretty, how can you ask?"

3. "I'm doing it for religious reasons." This must be spoken with an absolutely straight face and in a completely sincere tone of voice. After you get a little practice you can deliver this line so crushingly that there will be no chance that anyone will ask you what religion you are taking up; but until then you must be prepared to offer a religion. This must be chosen with care. There is something humdrum and workaday about replying, "Amish" or "Mennonite"; Zen has become so fashionable nowadays that it marks you as a conformist; Sikh would be perfect if it were not liable to be misunderstood in pronunciation. I finally hit on Bahai; most people have heard of it, but hardly anybody knows what it is. Perhaps you may think it a disadvantage of this answer that some people may take you seriously. They may; but on the other hand, then it becomes a test of their senses of humor rather than yours, and you are on the aggressive. If you are really disturbed by the danger that you may

be taken seriously, your best defense is to live so as to make abundantly clear that it is absolutely inconceivable that you could ever do anything for a religious reason.

4. "I thought perhaps I might want to do *Romanoff and Juliet* this year." This marks you as a cultivated follower of the theatrical world. There need be no danger that you will ever have to act in *Romanoff and Juliet*; all you are trying to do is to convey the impression that you have understudied Ustinov, have the part at your fingertips, and are deciding whether to accept a producer's offer to take it over. If anyone ever remembers this explanation and asks you what happened to your theatrical project, you can always say that you turned down the proposal; but nobody will ever remember. People just aren't that interested in you. (Note: there are certain levels of society which are not *au courant* with Broadway. Here you had best say, "I thought maybe I might do *The Man Who Came to Dinner* this year.")

5. "Just think of all the father fixations I can cause!" This, when confided to a fellow *roué*, establishes you as a *bon vivant* of the most up-to-date kind. He will think, "Imagine! Applying motivation research to seduction!" It will not be long before

he blossoms out with a beard, too.

6. "I want to show my loyalty to King Hussein." I invented this rejoinder at the height of the business in Lebanon and Jordan, and it has now, of course, lost much of its topicality. For that reason I shan't use it any more. But if you want to adopt it, I suggest inventing a perfectly imaginary king of a non-existent kingdom with a vaguely Moslem name. (Note: Do *not* use Farouk.)

7. "I just wanted to show you that I could do something you can't do." There is really only one situation in which this retort is appropriate. Your boss's secretary, who has been hired by his wife, is a very capable if homely young lady who is addicted to flat-heeled shoes, tailored suits, and the kind of short hair-cut that would make you think you were committing a homosexual act if you slept with her. You return bewildered from your vacation, and she looks up from her desk as you enter. "What in the world are you growing that beard for?" she asks. That is the point at which you slam Number Seven right between her eyes. Of

course, she'll get you in dutch with the boss and you'll eventually get fired, but think of the moral satisfaction you'll have!

8. "Yeah, man, like crazy. Wow!" This will work best if you happen to be smoking marijuana and carrying a clarinet at the time you are asked. Wearing a beret will help, too.

9. "For purposes of scientific research."

"Research? What kind of research?"

"I want to find out whether I sleep with my beard over or under the covers." This old jest is especially effective with the Rotary Club type who likes old jokes better than new jokes.

10. "I'm commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the death of Metternich." I selected Metternich because he is one of those people of whom everyone has heard but nobody actually knows much about. Moreover, if your inquisitor goes to all the trouble of looking Metternich up, he will discover that Metternich actually did die in 1859; this will make him worry that perhaps you were serious. Among specialists in American literature you might use Washington Irving or W. H. Prescott; Thomas De Quincey or Leigh Hunt will be useful to bemuse specialists in the Romantic movement.

11. "You can show off your secondary sexual characteristics, but I look like hell in a sweater." The effectiveness of this one is enhanced if you are leaning against a mantelpiece, cocktail in hand, addressing a young woman who is superabundantly endowed and dressed so as to make her superstructure even more evident. The tone should be one of cool contempt. At worst, she will throw her drink in your face; at best, she will become fascinated by your aloofness, and a beautiful friendship may result.

12. "How else can I show my admiration for Skitch Henderson?" Any other person may be substituted for Henderson here. There are some people with whom it is especially effective to name someone who does *not* have a beard, as, for example, Samuel Beckett. The amount of consternation this can arouse almost exceeds belief. These literal-minded people may even take pity on you and tell you, "But Samuel Beckett doesn't have a beard." You can manage that with a freezing: "I know." Probably they will lose sleep that night. (You

may be tempted to use a woman's name here—Jayne Mansfield, perhaps—in the hope that your interlocutor will be too well bred to expostulate with you and will simply walk away trying to make sense out of your remark. Resist the temptation. If he were that well bred, he'd never have mentioned your beard in the first place.)

13. "I'm trying to keep warm these damn winters." The tone of voice for this ought to be surly, and it is particularly useful if you are in Florida or southern California.

14. On one occasion I flatly denied that I had a beard. But this was really too dangerous a weapon; at the end of it all I was afraid that I had seriously disturbed the poor man's reason. Use this one only on your worst enemy.

15. "I'm collecting stupid remarks about beards." After delivering this line, look at your victim expectantly, as if awaiting the opportunity to add his to the list. This is, bar none, the most effective conversation-stopper I have yet discovered. It is guaranteed to give pause to the most determined of self-appointed comedians.

This runs the gamut of my replies, except for a few that rely on facial expressions, which of course cannot be reproduced here. The one I enjoy most is the one in which I screw up my face to look like an Edsel (using my glasses for gull wings).

To a few close and intimate friends who can keep a secret, you might even tell the real reason—that is, if you can decide what the real reason is. For my own part I can't entirely be sure why I grew a beard. It is partly, I think, that I view it as an act of rebellion and individuality; it is partly that I wanted to see what I would look like in a beard; and it is partly that I got tired of cutting my chin when I shaved.

My experience has been that most questions about beards take on a depressing sameness. Only rarely will anyone ask you a truly original question. The most interesting question I've been asked, unfortunately, I couldn't answer: "I've heard that you've never really been kissed until you've been kissed by a man with a beard. Is that true?" The reason I couldn't answer it was that the lady's husband and my wife were both standing there. But, as you can see, questions like that one could open up a whole new field for answers.

○○



"All right girls, at your posts!"



*The fact that she was born
in the British Isles
has had nothing
to do with the success
of Valerie French.
For she is
to the manor born . . .*

À LA FRANÇAISE . . .

The old route to stardom used to work roughly like this . . . A girl won the only too usual Miss Galaxy contest . . . she was recognized by Hollywood (the term was interchangeable with Harry Cohn at Columbia Pictures) and she then became a contract player which meant endless cheesecake shots with an occasional small role in a Grade B epic



. . . then if the girl really had talent Grade B gave way to Grade A and sooner or later everybody was sitting in awed amazement, gaping at the silver screen and the awesome charms of America's latest love goddess . . . *vide* Rita Hayworth *et al.* . . .

Today the cookie no longer crumbles in precisely that manner.

Take English-born Valerie French . . . she was under contract to Columbia until the sunset of the old fashioned days and ways out in Hollywood . . .

As soon as it became an obvious case of "root hog or die," Valerie really began to make it.

Free-lancing (which means looking for the best role you can find and getting the best price you can) is a more rigorous way of life than the old contract player bit, but it can mean better, juicier roles and fatter pay checks much faster than under the moribund fatted calf system.

Par exemple, Valerie, anxious to





visit her people in Great Britain, is, as of this moment, weighing two offers, one from Albion, the other from the Italian film capital . . . her dark beauty qualifying her in either country . . .

With classic features like hers, in this new day of film-making the sky's the limit for any young lady, who, like Valerie, is so obviously à la Française . . .



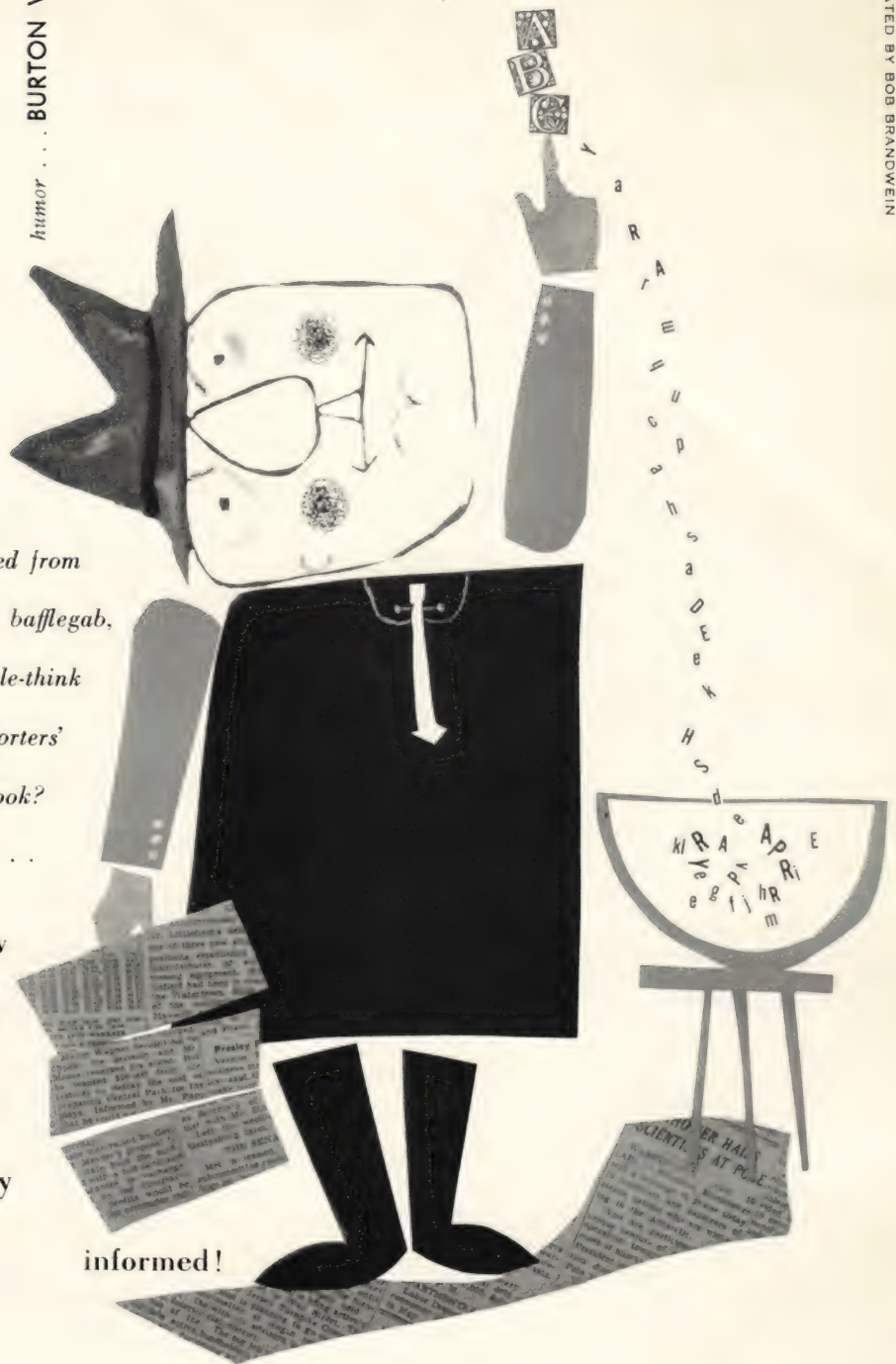
Want to be

saved from
bafflegab,
double-think
and reporters'
gobbledygook?

Read . . .

how
to
be
fully

informed!



As newspapers in this country continue to shrink in number they grow fatter with pages of ads, cooking hints and dietary advice. This makes it much more difficult than ever before to get a balanced view of the news but lots easier to learn what to do with leftover fruit salad.

Because it is so difficult to find out what's going on, I have gathered a list of key-phrases which, if properly understood, will enable readers to get more out of their newspapers. These key-phrases are absolutely essential

to journalism. Next to learning how to tie his own shoe laces, they are all a reporter ever need learn. Although many reporters adopt moccasin-type shoes, thus evading the first step, they learn all these key-phrases well. They are:

an aide, a spokesman, observers, experts, diplomatic sources & diplomatic observers, veteran correspondent. And this is what they mean:

An aide—This is a flexible, wrap-around kind of phrase, sort of like aluminum foil. It is dressy and keeps

the reporter from being burned. Hence, "According to one of Mr. Hummlefinger's *aides*, it was not likely that the new wing would be completed this year." The so-called *aide* in this case turns out to be Mr. Hummlefinger's gardener and chauffeur, George. The reporter, thrown out of Hummlefinger's office for the third time and being told for the fourth time by his city editor to get that story or else—well, he got the story.

"George," he said to the chauffeur, "what do you hear about that new wing?"

"New wing, shoot!" George replies. "'at ole buzzard he lost so much money playin' poker last week, he had to borrow from me. How he gone build hisself a new wing?"

That George, he's some *aide*.

A spokesman—This is something like an *aide* only more solemn. Burlesque queens do not have spokesmen but presidents, governors, certain bishops and Texas oil millionaires do. A *spokesman* is a highly placed mouthpiece. Sometimes he is the mouth itself.

A Governor, say, who has got himself tangled up with a burlesque queen, finds himself at a considerable disadvantage. Queenie can and will shoot off her bazoo and can and will get headlines. Governors like headlines too, but only certain kinds of headlines. Also, there are constituents to think of, to say nothing of a raging wife back at the Governor's mansion.

So, while Queenie can invite the press boys to an interview back stage (sometimes the whole sports department and financial desk turn up as well as the man on the beat) the Governor has to confine himself to a *spokesman*.

"A *spokesman* for the Governor reported that he was out of town and that even if he wasn't out of town, he denied ever knowing the lady in question . . ." In all probability what the Governor said was, "Listen, pal, my brother-in-law owns a lot of stock in that newspaper of yours. Do I have to go any further?"

Observers—This is one of the handiest items in the journalist's lunch pail because it covers absolutely anybody. Take the following item: "They say that Wilmerdine is going to get the gas chamber but a lot of guys think he'll beat the rap. On the other hand, one of the loafers on the

court steps, a man who has slept through every trial for the last seven-teen years, thinks that . . ."

If you saw a story like that you'd throw up your hands. Too folksy. Now see what happens when you insert the word *observers*. "Official *observers* incline to believe that Wilmerdine will get the death penalty, though some dissent from this view. Still other *observers* feel that . . ." Sound convincing now, doesn't it?

Take another example: "*Observers* of the recent dockyard strikes report that there were some instances of actual violence."

What actually happened was, a lot of guys got pushed around, a couple got their heads bashed in. The reporter, like any sensible fellow, was hanging out in a nearby saloon playing shuffle board until it was safe to go outside. Even more sensibly, he stayed away from the plate glass windows because you never know when a brick might come through.

The *observers* in question were a couple of old luses, for whom the reporter had bought a drink and who peered through the window at what they thought was an unusually jolly St. Patrick's day parade. A brick wouldn't have hurt them much.

Experts—Any reporter knows what this term means. It means other reporters. Here's how it works. Supposing a group of reporters is summoned by the Secretary of State to hear an important policy statement. The statement is mimeographed before-hand so that the reporters can study it while working over their racing charts in the Secretary's ante-room. Nevertheless, they file in, partly because it is so much fun to hear the Secretary's dentures clack when he reads and partly because he might say something different. As it turns out, he does. He says:

"Gentlemen, I fear I shall have to ask you to disregard the statement you have in your possession. Events in the last twenty-four hours have caused us to adjust our position. Thus, though the Patagonians are justified, we feel, in claiming sealing rights off the waters of Tierra del Fuego, this area has traditionally been a soft-shelled clam preserve for Japanese clam diggers, etc., etc."

By the time the newsmen come out it is much too late to place a bet. Not only that, but it is too late to wait for a mimeographed transcript of the Secretary's remarks along with mim-

eographed interpretation of same. In fact, they have only an hour until deadline. So the talk goes like this:

"Well, George, what do you make of that?"

"Pretty heady stuff, eh? Yessir, pretty heady stuff."

"Sure. I know that but—"

"Let's ask old Cranston here. What do you think, Cran, we got ourselves a lead story?"

"Mmm, well, uh, I think, um, er—why not ask Dinglefoot, he's the foreign affairs expert. What line you gonna take, Ding?"

"Huh, line? Line? Well, the only line you can take, for goodness sakes. I mean, it's all plain, isn't it?"

"Sure, yeah, right, you said it—but what line?"

"Well, the way I look at it, clams are a lot more important than seals these days. Clam dips, cocktail parties, you know . . ."

Our doughty newsmen goes back to the office and bats out the following:

"While it is believed that the Japanese will not press their clam claims, *experts* feel that our Government will support the Japanese in line with our general policy of restoring Japanese-American commercial ties. The soft shelled clam industry in Japan has for centuries . . ." He's on solid ground now because he whipped the bit about the Japanese clam industry out of the Encyclopedia Britannica. And maybe if he's very lucky, next time *he* can get to be *expert*.

Diplomatic observers & diplomatic sources—These are very tricky terms, very useful, almost interchangeable, but not quite. An itinerant hockey puck salesman from Akron can be called a *diplomatic observer* in Rangoon. After all, we're all supposed to be traveling diplomats, aren't we? For that matter, anyone living in the foreign capital can be a *diplomatic observer* if he happens to observe diplomatic goings-on.

Diplomatic sources on the other hand, are usually people in embassies or connected with the State Department in Washington. Like the president's tailor, this contact need not be very close. Sometimes, when a reporter is very, very skillful, he can manage to work both phrases into the same paragraph. Example:

"Nairobi, July 27. . . . According to *diplomatic observers* in this city, very little progress is being made in current East-West talks to limit the

activities of head-shrinkers whose numbers have multiplied since Somalia won its independence. One *diplomatic source* from the Western bloc is reported to have said, 'Ze trouble mit zese shrunken heads iss zat zey look chust like stewed prunes. In mine country we find zis confusing.' The same *source* also went on to say . . ."

Diplomatic sources can be very helpful, however, especially when they are on the inside, like janitors, chamber-maids, etc. For example, a reporter who wants to know if the Ambassador is attending a certain conference, because if he is, the reporter is going to have to get out of the sack and cover it—this reporter might have a contact with one of the Ambassador's chambermaids. Very useful *diplomatic source*. He telephones.

"Allo, Yvette, comment ça va?"

"Allo, allo, 'Arry?"

"Not Harry, it's George—you know, George. Herald Express, not Express Herald."

"Ah, oui—you sleep in the morning, he sleep in the afternoon."

"Heh, heh, good old Yvette. Say, what's the Ambassador up to?"

"Ow ze hell I know? My corns are keeleeng mee."

"Gosh, I'm sorry about your corns, Yvette, but about the Amb—"

"'E is not 'ere."

"Oh? Where'd he go, conference?"

"Conference! *Quelle conference!* 'E is spend ze afternoon at ze apartment of zat petite redhead from ze Folies Bergères."

"Redhead! I thought she was a blonde."

"Ow do I know? Perhaps zey are all three togezzair. Is zat what you call a conference?"

"Sure is, honey. So long."

And the item appears:

"According to *diplomatic sources*, Ambassador Phung is continuing his efforts to extend American goodwill in popular quarters . . ."

Veteran correspondent—This last, of all the terms, is the most nearly accurate. Before a man gets to be a *veteran correspondent* he must first become a *seasoned correspondent*. By definition, this is a man who has lived long enough in a foreign city to get a good-sized apartment in the high rent district for very little rent. This takes a minimum of three years. Once the man has done this, he is in a fair way to become a *veteran correspond-*

ent. He does this by a.) not getting fired and b.) staying alive. Sometimes it's the other way around.

If, one day, he pauses on a street corner, wondering where he left his glasses, and if a group of patriotic citizens approaches him and lays a wreath at his feet, having mistaken him for a public monument—the man is, without question, entitled to be called a *veteran correspondent*.

Once this rank is attained, the man is relieved from most duties and is only expected, now and then, to file a story on the increase in wheat acreage or various implication-type stories. Not about things or people, but about implications. He is also expected to use the word "significant" rather often.

The *veteran correspondent* is not supposed to get out and dig for news; he has an assistant, usually a bright and underpaid native of the country to do that for him. A successful *veteran correspondent* is rarely seen at all and certainly never before five in the afternoon. Many newsmen in Europe are familiar with one *veteran correspondent* who was so successful that he never left his apartment for seven whole years except to take his suits to the cleaners. A cynical, hard-bitten correspondent, he didn't trust anyone else to do that. Not his assistant, nobody.

A *veteran correspondent* is a great convenience to the neophyte newsman because it enables him to take an "aw shucks" approach to his story. Editors find this very winning. Humble and all that.

Here's how it works. The neophyte has an opinion but dares not express it. So he defends himself with an "Aw shucks, I don't know much, but this

here, now *veteran correspondent*, he knows all the answers."

Thus, he cables: "Cairo, Aug. 20. . . : Diplomatic observers in this city indicated today that Premier Nasser's recent ban on lentils was an attempt to force the price of soup below present inflated levels. According to *veteran correspondents*, however, the reason behind the move is that Mr. Nasser simply can't stand lentils. 'Lentils,' the Premier is reported to have said, 'are the tools of decadent colonialists. . . .'"

There are, to be sure, other phrases of this sort without which no journalist can operate effectively. The ones listed above, however are quintessential. Nobody can be fully informed without a knowledge of their meaning. A sampling of some of the other phrases may be found in the glossary below. They, too, will help the reader to learn what, if anything, the reporter has in mind. Of course, when you come right down to it, newspapers probably aren't any worse than they ever were. And what's wrong with fruit salad, anyway?

Glossary

Term	It Means
Official view—	Anything to make Congress happy.
Consensus—	They haven't had a new idea in 40 years.
It is believed—	Wanna know what I think? Here's what I think.
Alleged—	Hanging's too good for that so-and-so.
Reported—	The girl in the library can't find the clips.
Clubwoman—	She wears flat shoes.
Sportsman—	He drinks a lot.
Petite—	Short.
Diminutive—	Short and fat.
Peroxide blonde—	Couldn't get her phone number.
Vivacious blonde—	I got her phone number.
Estimated that—	I lost my notes.
Shapely—	When I saw her she was wearing a sweater.
Plush—	Hot water in the men's room.
Bystanders—	Guys in a saloon, other side of town.
Eye-witnesses—	Guys in a saloon, same side of town.
Svelte, stylish matron—	I'll do <i>anything</i> to get a raise.



*It was a strange wager . . .
the winner lost,
and the loser won!*

the



bet

fiction . . . RICK RUBIN

How Bill Burdick and I came to discuss the morals of Geraldine Price is a mystery I've never satisfactorily explained to myself. That I took the position that Miss Price could be seduced seems even less probable. In retrospect, perhaps the conversation was not so purely random as it seemed.

I'd struck up a friendship with Burdick only a few days before. He's an artist for Ristic Advertising, where I pound out copy. We'd fallen into the habit of lunching together, having discovered certain interests in common. On the day of the speculation concerning Miss Price's virginity the talk had drifted to girls, that being our major common interest.

I said that girls weren't saved from promiscuity so much by their inherent virtue, as by the lack of a guy making an effort.

"You mean even the cold ones can be made?" Burdick asked.

"Even those," I said.

"Now take for example Miss Price in production. Would you say that she could be made?"

I'd been thinking in general, and it took me a minute to focus down on Miss Price. I don't suppose I'd given her much thought up till then. Miss

Price was a meaty, well-built woman, rather on the scale of the Norse Valkyrie. Over thirty, by her face, and all stern efficiency. No lipstick, no eye-shadow, brown hair done up in a thick bun, and horn-rimmed glasses, but even so, not an unpleasant face. I'd looked over most of the women at the agency as possible companions in joy, but in spite of her more than adequate body, Miss Price's all-business manner had squelched any thoughts I might have had.

Still, I'd taken a position, and I wasn't inclined to back down.

"Miss Price easier than most," I said. "Women like her don't have many opportunities. The right man could make it with no trouble at all."

That was perhaps a slight overstatement. I'd just as soon have switched the conversation to another topic, but Burdick kept at it like a bulldog.

"You wouldn't like to make a small wager, would you?"

"Now wait a minute. I didn't say I was the right man."

"You said it was the effort that counted, not the man."

"Okay, but I'm not sure I'd want Miss Price."

(turn over)

"Would \$25 make it worth your while?"

"You really want to lose your money, don't you, Burdick?"

"It's a bet then?"

"All right, a bet. Twenty-five says I can swing it with Geraldine Price. But how, pray, are we going to judge who won?"

"I'll take your word for it, old man," Burdick said, with a sly smirk on his suddenly ugly face.

I knew I'd been suckered in a fit of enthusiasm, but just how badly I didn't realize until I dropped by production, after lunch, and took a good look at Miss Price. Then I kissed the \$25 goodbye. She looked as cuddlesome as a cigar store Indian.

But of course I wasn't going to give up \$25 so easily. Besides, I saw a chance to contribute a great public service, to spread joy by enlightening an uninitiated woman . . . I've always felt that we should leave the world a happier place than we found it, and what better way than by educating Miss Geraldine Price?

I set out to make small talk. I asked Miss Price how she was, and how she liked the weather, and that sort of thing. I almost froze to death in the arctic gale of her response.

Retreating to my little copywriter's cubicle, I pondered ways and means. Work suffered. After an hour I decided I needed more facts, so I went down the hall to the agency library. Distracting the librarian by having her look up some data on a client, I dove into the personnel file. When I'd found what I needed I went back to my cubicle and dropped a file card in the typewriter. "Geraldine Price" I headed it.

"Background Data on Geraldine Price," I typed. "Born Lewiston, Idaho. Age 33, 5'6". 135 lb. Hair Lt. Brn. Eyes Green. Physical Disabilities: None. Education, Lewiston public schools, U. of Idaho. B.A. in English. Unmarried."

I scratched my head, and started a new category. "Geographic Data on Geraldine Price." "Lives alone at 1309 S.W. Hall Street, Apartment #5. Telephone CA 9-1212."

I started a third heading. "The Morals of Geraldine Price."

That one I left blank.

Then I went back to work on a brochure I'd been building for Clackamas Steel Foundry, filing Miss Price's problem in my subconscious to stew around for a while.

The next couple of days found me in production increasingly often, asking for information on this or that. The reception was never less than frigid from the well-curved Miss Price. It seemed as though I was but wrong! Nor did I come up with any ideas on how to warm her up. I couldn't picture myself just out and asking for a date. I saw that we'd have to get together by accident, like on the street, or in a grocery store.

The third day of the bet, Friday, Burdick dropped by to needle me. That stimulated me considerably. I couldn't spare the damn \$25, and I didn't feel like losing to Burdick.

I thought even harder, and work ceased. The boss finally called me on the Clackamas Steel brochure. "What's keeping it?" he demanded. He reminded me that the deadline was Monday. I worked like hell the rest of Friday afternoon, and by about four I had it almost finished. All I needed were some cost estimates. I scooped up the stuff, and started for production.

Then I sat back down, spun around in my chair, and gave a whoop of triumph. Why get the estimates now, when I could get them later? Like, for example, Friday evening?

I dropped the stuff into a manila folder, went home, had dinner, read a book, took a bath, and at 8:30 dialed CA 9-1212.

"It's about the brochure for Clackamas Steel, Miss Price," I said. "The deadline is Monday, so I had to bring it home. I hate to bother you over the weekend, but I need some cost estimates. I wonder if you can help me?"

"What do you need to know?" she asked.

"I don't think I can describe it over the phone," I said. "If you aren't too busy, why don't I drop over to your place with the stuff? We can go over it together."

She sounded pretty distant, but she said okay. I hung up, and gave another whoop.

I was there by nine, with a bottle of Scotch in one hand, the brochure in the other. I knocked, and she let me in almost immediately. She was wearing the same straight skirt and white blouse she wore at work, but her hair hung in soft waves down her back, and over her shoulders, and her glasses were missing.

Her apartment was pretty standard. French impressionist prints,

pseudo-modern furniture, and pillows of various colors scattered over a low couch.

I apologized for disturbing her, but she said it was all right, and motioned me to the couch. I offered her a drink of the Scotch, and when she protested that she didn't want to impose, I admitted that I could use one myself.

I let her mix, which was a stroke of genius. She must have been short on experience, because she fixed a pair of mean drinks. Double on the Scotch, short on the water. Then she sat beside me on the couch and we went to work. On the brochure.

Halfway through she got up and turned on the phonograph. "I hope this won't distract you," she said, but I assured her I liked it. Nothing like a little music to help along a campaign. The first record was Wagner's "Overture to The Flying Dutchman." Very strong stuff. We went on with the brochure, but things got considerably slower. I was conscious of her shoulder against mine. Now and then her thigh would brush my leg, linger a moment, and then pull back, as though she'd just discovered the contact.

The second record was Ravel's "Bolero." I couldn't have chosen better myself. It generated static electricity between our shoulders, and things got even slower on the brochure. She mixed another drink. Triple.

I could feel the warmth of her through her thin blouse.

The third record was Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring." Too much! I kicked the damn brochure on the floor, grabbed Miss Price, and kissed her.

"What are you doing?" she gasped.

I kissed her again.

"Please . . ." she stuttered.

I tried to pull her to me, and we rolled off the couch.

"Oh, you shouldn't," she murmured.

"Please stop," she sighed.

"Oh!" she moaned.

And I made love to Miss Geraldine Price, while deep inside I laughed at the prospect of collecting that \$25 from Burdick.

And then I contemplated what I'd done to prim, sedate Miss Price, and what the effect might be. I labeled myself People's Hero First class.

She rested her head on my shoulder. She started to cry.

(turn to page 59)



Back in the 'twenties when Berthold Brecht and Kurt Weill wrote the "Threepenny Opera," they could not have known how its taunting refrains would live on . . . Were they to write it today, with inflation what it is, the title might well be . . .

SIXPENNY OPERA . . .



And if we were casting an updated "Beggar's Opera" we wouldn't have to go further than the cast of this upcoming German movie, "Paid Love," starring Ingemar Zeisberg . . .

As a matter of fact you can cast it yourself . . . Run your eyes over this portfolio and see if you



A "Jenny the Pirate" or "Polly Peachum" like this would revivify Dreigroschenoper . . .



can't find the perfect actress to portray the lady of the night known as Pirate Jenny . . . or Polly Peachum . . . Surely you can find the man to portray the thief and pimp, MacHeath, immortalized as Mac the Knife in the most memorable of all the opera's refrains . . . Moritat.

However if you don't want to play casting director, it should interest you to see that Berlin is back in business churning out the kind of movie scene that attracted so much attention back in the pre-Hitler days when UFA was putting things on the screen that had never been seen before . . .

Whether these scenes will still be in the movie when it hits American theaters is anyone's guess . . .

Meanwhile, however, you have had a preview you're not likely to see at your drive-in, or on the late, late show . . .

*Sometimes
the trip from Joysville
to Exhaustedsville
to Joysville
can be
like Paradiseville...*

The fog was getting like buttermilk. By the time Eddie reached the Sunset Strip he had to slow the car to a crawl in order to read the street signs. "Sheldon Place," he muttered to himself, rubbing at the windshield. Sheldon Place was the Bunny's street. In Rick's Bar and Grill last night, Phil Gaynes had written the Bunny's name and address on a cocktail napkin. "Drop in on this broad whenever you want," Phil had said. "She goes like a bunny."

Last night, Eddie hadn't given the incident much thought. But this evening, stepping inside his apartment, all the lonely nights he'd spent since coming to Los Angeles had suddenly piled up inside him, and he had decided to visit the Bunny.

If he could ever find Sheldon Place...

He sighted it finally, swung off the boulevard and cruised until he came to 2034. It was a modern building, with potted palms in the lobby. Through the glass doors he could see a clerk standing behind a tall desk. He pulled to the curb, wondering if the Bunny would be as beautiful as Phil had described, or if the whole thing might be a trick. In Grant

Oaks, where he had grown up, schoolmates had played tricks: "Hey, midget, you find that left handed monkey wrench? You put salt on that bird's tail? You gonna be a jockey when you grow up?"

To Eddie, who stood 4'6" as an adult, Grant Oaks had meant twenty-two years of being called "Shorty" and going without a girl.

He got out of the car now, went up the walk and through the doors to the lobby.

"Where's fourteen?" he asked.

The clerk's eyes seemed to laugh behind his glasses. "Latecomer, eh? Take that exit to the patio. First stairway on your right."

Eddie thanked him and went out to the patio. It was swanky. There was a swimming pool, and palm trees illuminated by pastel spotlights. He came to the stairway, went up, then down the corridor to number fourteen. Light showed through thick window drapery, and he could hear music playing. He knocked softly.

The door opened and a perfectly proportioned platinum blonde stood before him. She wore a nearly transparent nightgown and she swayed slightly, ice cubes tinkling in her hi-

*"a
bunny
for
eddie"*



ball glass. Eddie guessed her to be twenty-three or four.

"Yes?" Her blue eyes blinked questioningly.

"Mona Seagram?"

She hiccuped. "I am she."

"Uh—my name's Eddie Martin. I'm new in town. I got to talking to Phil Gaynes the other night and he suggested I look you up. Like that. I thought maybe we could step out."

"Phil *who*?"

"Uh—Gaynes." He was having difficulty keeping his eyes above her neck.

"Gaynes, Gaynes," she said, frowning. Well, that's terribly sweet of you, Eddie, but you see, I gave a cocktail party this afternoon and it just ended. I'm about to go to bed."

"Oh, I didn't mean to butt in."

She studied him appraisingly for a moment, then she giggled. "I suppose you could have *one* nightcap—if you're nice."

She motioned for him to enter and he stepped inside.

The apartment looked as though it had undergone a nuclear test. Pictures hung crookedly on the walls. Broken glasses and spilled ash trays lay everywhere. A bamboo bar in one corner appeared to have been

squashed by something dropped from a great height.

"Shamblesville, huh?" she said.

"Gee," Eddie said, "I would've called first but Phil didn't give me your phone number."

"That's old Phil Gaynes," she said. "Isn't he the limit? Who *is* he?"

"You don't know him?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Never even heard of him."

"Gee, I thought you said you did."

She threw back her head and roared. Tears came to her eyes, and she nearly spilled her drink. When she had calmed herself, she tapped him on the chest with one of her inch-long fingernails. "You're terrific," she slurred. "What's your poison?"

Ordinarily Eddie drank beer in hopes of putting on weight. "Scotch on the rocks," he said.

"One Scotchville—coming up," she said, heading for the bar. She wore no undergarments and the motion of her hips inside the sheer nightgown was something to see. When she stepped behind the bar, Eddie went over and sat down on the sofa. In a moment she brought the drinks and sat beside him.

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

Eddie explained how he had come

to Los Angeles and taken a job at Smedley's Service, a big gas station just off the freeway. As he gave a brief history of his life he was careful to keep his hands between his knees. Traces of grease from Smedley's Service always clung to his cuticles and the deep creases of his knuckles and he didn't want to offend her. He wondered how he would drink his Scotch without displaying his hands.

She listened so sympathetically he found himself telling her everything—even about leaving Grant Oaks to find a girl. When he had finished, she stared at him for a long time. Then, strangely her eyes moistened and she took his hand and pressed the grease-stained fingers to her lips.

His pulse quickened. No girl had ever treated him this way before. He had just met her and she was kissing his hand. Why should she be treating him this way?

It occurred to him suddenly that this could be a trick. He hated thinking it, but he had learned a long time ago to be suspicious. Once, in the Grant Oaks Drug Store, he had read about call girls in an exposé magazine. Mona was beautiful enough. Could she be something like that?

"I don't have any money," he blurted.

"Huh?" She dropped his hand. She seemed to have grown sober. "What brought that on? Say, what did this Phil Gaynes tell you, anyway?"

Eddie stared down at the floor.

"Did he say I was a hustler or something?"

"No, he didn't say *that*."

She stamped her foot, like an angry child. "Are you going to tell me, Edsie?"

"You wouldn't like it."

She stamped both feet. "Speak or get out!"

He could see she was serious. "Well, frankly, he said you were sort of—well, a bunny."

She relaxed, smiling. Then she pretended to scold him with her eyes. "And you came here thinking . . . ? Oh my. Tsk, tsk, Edsie." She sighed and shook her head. "Boy, the things I get myself into. I guess I'll have to go astrologyville and lock myself up when Mars is in the wrong position. First the knight fight and now this bunny bit."

"Night fight?"

"Uh-huh. An hour ago two men
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THE DUDE

"Just *which* one of us are you following?"

Greek and Roman mythology have a tendency to get inextricably entwined... the properties of gods and goddesses seeming to perambulate back and forth between Athens and Rome... But on one thing, one goddess, both mythos agree.

Call her Juno, or call her Hera, this goddess was the queen of heaven... and ruler of women.

Hence any truly womanly woman is called Junoesque. From Rome to Ireland, as in "Juno and the Paycock," Juno is a figure with which to conjure... and such a figure is presented in this portfolio devoted to

pictorial essay

At a time when the barely nubile charms of Brigitte Bardot are forever omnipresent it is a relief to present the womanly charms of a . . . **JUNO!**







PHOTOGRAPH BY FLATOW



*the somnolent yet stately charms of
Audrey Williams.*

*When Sean O'Casey called his female
protagonist Juno he was using her as a
symbol of all women, all womankind...*

*Just so could Audrey be used as a
basic archetype of all femininity...*

*Audrey gives the lie to the shadowy
charms of the tubercular fashion model, the
preposterous claims of the soignée society
girl, the absurd pretenses of the dieting
movie star...and proves instead
that nothing is more beautiful than
true womanliness...*

Bravissima Juno!



*You've got to
be careful
when what
you say off
the cuff is . . .*

For The Record . . .

It was spring and the city had the feel of it. There seemed to be more pigeons than usual around St. Patrick's, lazing and wobbling, weaving their concentric patterns in the warm air. The people walked slower and breathed deeper, smiled more and squared their shoulders, as though straightening for the first time after the hunched and bowed and bundled fast-walks of the winter.

The sleek untouchables were out in force, their heel-tappings sharper, good nylon strides; girdled buttocks firm but alluringly shifty under black chiffon. But still implausibly wintry from the neck up; still withdrawn and stoic as they waded through

fiction . . . **STUART JAMES**

adulatory neck-swivels of the earth-bound gentry of their new-building-girders.

It was that kind of day in New York when a cab driver stops for a pedestrian or decides not to overthrow the government after all, and a bus driver holds the door open for an old lady, and the Bronx stenog says, "Coffee 'n' danish," with a new lilt to her stiff-lipped snarl.

And on such a day Carl Bradley crossed Madison at 52nd, a deep scowl marring the square handsomeness of his face, oblivious to the new life about him, deep in his anger over an old grudge fanned into new flame.

The night previous, Carl had read

through the latest novel about Madison Avenue; one more rock in the great pile hurled against the street and its eight-hour inhabitants. As usual the author had pictured that staid thoroughfare as a jungle where gray-flannel cannibals devoured their brothers, and clawed for position, and rapacious satyrs had at the innocents to satisfy unnatural appetites; and as usual Carl was revolted and angered by the perpetuation of the mythology.

Carl took personal affront at all such novels because he knew them to be false. Now, as he stepped onto the curb on the east side of Madison and walked north, he gave the authors a

single face: "Damned pimple-faced school boys come up from NYU and take a crack at advertising or public relations and fall down because they haven't got the brains of a demented gnat and then they collect unemployment and write a book saying the rest of us are all bastards."

Turning in at the Varcoe Building, Carl pushed through the revolving door and crossed the marble and glass lobby to the waiting elevator. What really annoyed him was the general assumption of the writers that public relations was the Black Art, and even more annoying was the portrayal of all PR men as disloyal slaves to a

(turn to page 72)

pictorial essay



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURT OWEN



The Dude Goes



Bet you thought the idea of the Breakfast Dance went out with *The Great Gatsby* and *The Far Side of Paradise* . . .

Wrong again . . . far from being one with the Stutz Bearcat and pearl gray spats, this idea cut the cats recently at one the swingiest affairs of the year.

The second annual Disc Jockey's Convention, held at that most salubrious of shores, Miami, attended by every name DeeJay who could get away from the station, and by about forty-seven billion dollars worth of talent, was high-spotted when the top brains at Roulette Records took over with this idea out of the 'Twenties and made it work, but good.

Starting at 2:30 and wailing through the night, the shindig might still be going on right this minute if it weren't for the fact that Count Basie and his band (flown down from Birdland for the gig) had to get back to home base, in time for the evening show.

It is literally impossible to give a list of the talent who worked, because it would be a glossary of who's who in the recording business and leave no space for anything else in this issue . . .

All we can tell you is that if next year's convention comes anywhere close to this one, you'd better plan on begging, borrowing or stealing an invite . . .

This one was a ball!



to a . . .

BREAKFAST DANCE . . .



satire . . . CARLTON BROWN

In which one of the sharpest
wits of our time takes on
an old American institution . . .
and wins,
three falls out of five.

One evening not long ago, I turned to the amusement section of my newspaper to see what was playing at the nabes, and uncovered an advertisement so startling that the paper jumped out of my hands and lay quivering on the floor. I circled around it once or twice and then leaned over warily for a closer look. The ad was so alive with vibrant and arresting images that I found it im-

possible to focus for more than a moment on any one of them.

"MARIA ALLASIO in POOR BUT BEAUTIFUL," read the largest line of type. But prominent as it was, it was all I could do to keep my attention on it long enough to decipher it. For looming large beside it was a full-figure study (the term has seldom been applied so justifiably) of the star herself, clad in two wisps of





fabric that obviously had been fashioned by a penny-pinching Bikini seamstress. By a feat of peripheral vision—the sort of thing that comes into play when you take in the Burma Shave signs along the road while concentrating on the beauties of the countryside—I dimly made out over to the west of Miss Allasio: “You saw her first in ‘Seven Hills of Rome.’ Now you can see more of her . . . *MUCH MORE!*”

“Good heavens!” I said to myself, scarcely pausing to score the copywriter’s error in counting me among the “Seven Hills” audience. “How much more of her can there *be*?” I would have hustled my date along to the theater to explore this question at once, if the ad had not featured a still more provocative shot of Miss Allasio in an action scene with one of her leading men. In this, she has clasped her hands around the back of the fellow’s neck and, feet kicking the air, knees hoisted skywards and skirts thighwards, hurled her left hip smack up against her partner’s solar plexus. He has one hand clasped around her waist, but it is evident that Miss Allasio has lit where she has on her own propulsion and may be about to bound off her partner like a moon-bound missile firing its second-stage charge. At first glance, the scene seemed to depict a strenuous gambit in a far-out hard-bop routine, but the savagely passionate expression on Miss Allasio’s face cast doubt on this assumption, and the outsize caption did away with it completely:

“THERE’S ONLY ONE WAY TO LOVE — THE HOT-BLOODED, HIP - SWINGING, MAN-DEVASTATING ALLASIO WAY!”

As soon as I had read this I straightened up, wiped a few beads of perspiration from my forehead, and stood for a moment in meditation. Then I crossed to my bookshelves and took down a well-thumbed volume, printed on rice paper and bound in limp yak-hide, that I had received as a graduation gift from my rakish and indulgent dad.

“What are you *doing*?” my companion asked plaintively. “I thought we were going to the *movies*.”

“I won’t be a minute,” I answered. “I just want to put this old *Kama Sutra* out for the janitor.” The good Vatsya Yana’s guidance had served me well for full many a year, I reflected as I placed his masterwork

atop the trash-can in the hall, but we had gone along life’s path together as far as we could go. Now kismet decreed that our ways must part, he to carry the light of his ancient wisdom down to the janitor’s dim basement quarters, I to lift my sights upward to the challenge of the New Way, the Allasio Way, the Only One Way. “And anyhow,” I concluded to my broad, “there’s nothing much good playing tonight. How’s about something a little more hot-bl—, more hip-sw—, well, more *active*, like? Here, take a gander at this.”

To make a painful story as analgesic as possible, our attempt to emulate the Allasio Way earned me two fractured ribs, a bruised coccyx, a called game, and the suspicion that those Italianos might be swiveled differently than we are, or that Vatsya Yana was. But that was impossible, I assured myself the next morning, as I rallied my self-confidence, adjusted the ice-pack at the base of my spine, and tried to find an easy position on the chaise-longue. If Maurizio Arena, Renato Salvatori or Ettore Manni—whichever of Maria’s co-stars it was in the ad—could stand up to the Only One Way, the Allasio Way, in a Titanus Production directed by Dino Risi, then so could I. Once my fractured bones had knitted, I resolved, I’d show the lot of them that plain old Yankee know-how and perseverance could meet anything foreign competition had to offer.

At that moment the chimes in my vestibule rang cheerily and, hobbling to the door, I opened it to be faced by the living image of that native do-or-die spirit I had just been invoking. My Muller Brush man, for it was he, is the best embodiment I know of American grit, pluck and determination in the face of staggering odds. He had visited me month after month, down the years, each time leaving his free gift—a rutabaga brush, a gas-burner brush, a melted-butter brush, and many other similarly specialized items that I have gratefully accepted and stashed away against an unforeseen day of need. This time my sales resistance held firm while he turned my parlor into a veritable show-room for his wares.

“Sorry, pardner, but you’ve caught me again while the Missus is out,” I finally equivocated. “There’s a clause in our marital contract that puts her in sole charge of all household purchases, brushwise.”

“How about soapwise? Mothproofingwise? Shaving equipmentwise? We have a dandy line of—”

“Likewise,” I cut him off. With little more ado, beyond a shrug for my folly, he gathered up his bristling, far-flung inventory, packed it back into his bag, smiled his valiant smile, and resumed his hard round, while I settled back to peruse the copy of *The Muller Brush Magazine* he had graciously left with me.

There are many catchier titles than that one thronging the newsstands, certainly, and the central theme of this issue, announced on the cover in the words “New Aqua-Maid at Cypress Gardens,” is hardly one that would set men to jousting for a turn at it in smoking cars and locker rooms. You may imagine my astonishment, then, when I found that its pages held nothing less than America’s answer to Maria Allasio, Maurizio Arena, Renato Salvatori, Ettore Manni, and any other amatory gymnasts the Italian film industry might have in training at Cinemacittà. They got anybody over there can make it on *water skis*, you think? Any co-stars that can do duets like “The Flying Angel,” “Up in the Clouds,” and “The Topside Tandem” while skimming along like sixty on a coupla pair of slats behind a *speed-boat*? Only One Way, eh?

Scout’s honor, I didn’t hallucinate up those maneuvers on a diet of magic mushrooms. The most taxing and impressive of the three is depicted in a glorious full-color photographic reproduction, and the other two itemized, in the “New Aqua-Maid” issue of *The Muller Brush Magazine*. To be sure, none of the illustrations offers any such graphic detail as is to be found in those sets of prints which are given to Oriental newlyweds for their instruction in the techniques of love. We leave more to the imagination over here. But when you take your heroine from beauty aids to baby-bottle brushes in a mere score of brief episodes, as our unnamed author and photographer do in this sprightly work, what reader can doubt that there has been some hanky-panky back in the cypress groves?

Let us see how we can help our reticent heroine, the narrator of the “New Aqua-Maid” story, to reshape her material so as to capture her merited share of *today’s* vital young

(turn to page 64)

flatted fifths laced high as a feather . . .

big bass notes

belted out in a nether key . . .

swing it man, with leather and all that

JAZZ





The really sharp cat puts his fall ensemble in perfect pitch when he jazzes it up with skins.

Starting at the down-beat, lightweight footwear such as The Jester (swinging with the metronome) and The Edward (stepping on the trumpet case—page 49), both made in England, puts the boom in boots. Or if you make it mellow with the French horn, there's The Versailles from across the Channel (top left). The Italian look comes with the feather-weight Capri and Tuscany on page 51. All from \$20 to \$30.

You don't have to dig motorbikes to sport a leather jacket this year, cat. Zero King's sand-



colored car coat with zip out lining will make her riff your tune—in the sports job . . . or elsewhere (about \$55). And if you need hip room to swing with the “ax,” there’s Fashion Sportswear’s oyster white informal mess jacket (about \$40). Both in fine cabretta leather.

Need an obedient secretary who won’t forget any notes? Try Pioneer’s Desk Secretary in cherry shell cordovan. Also by the same company, wallet in water buffalo (both above) and convenient pass case in hand grained English Morocco (bottom right).

The competent jazzman swings it without any encumbrances. His eyeglasses (who reads notes?) sit tight in the case by Canterbury (if he’s twenty-twenty he uses it for cigars) and his cigarettes wait in the convenient butt-and-pen holder, both in hand stained cowhide. After the show he makes it with a cool brew in the leather covered aluminum mug (at right—all items \$10).

So don’t go against the grain man, keep it swingin’. Tan it!

ALL SHOES COURTESY
LEFCOURT SHOES, INC.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
COURTESY CARL FISCHER
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.



In these days of . . .



Bed Manners

humor . . . CARL WINSTON

Most of us adult American males are housebroken. That is to say, the vast majority of us, from the time we were old enough to sit up and wallow in pablum, have been thoroughly indoctrinated by our parents in certain fundamental rules of social behavior.

We know, for instance, that the function of the fork is to transport sustenance to the kisser, and that the knife is to be employed solely for surgery and never, on pain of social ostracism, as a conveyor. It has been deeply impressed on us that it is abhorrent to slurp soup, that all hot liquids should be permitted to cool naturally and not subjected to such measures as being blown on, waved at, fanned or poured into a saucer. Champagne must not be sipped through a straw nor drunk from the bottle.

The well-reared youth has been trained to lurch to his feet when a woman—sometimes referred to as a lady—enters a chamber in which he is lounging. Should he encounter an adult female of his acquaintance anywhere in the Great Outdoors, he realizes it is incumbent on him to raise his chapeau—if he is wearing one—at least two inches above scalp level while tossing her a salutation.

On leaving one establishment for another, the correct young man invariably insists on opening the door for the

. . . etiquette has become a reclining art.

lady and permitting her to precede him to the exit. (The sole exception to this rule may occur when they are sped in their departure by a ruffian, occasionally known as a "chucker out," who may be too callous, too ignorant, or both, to bow to the dictates of formal conduct. In such cases the pair usually departs in accordance with the law of gravity.)

He—we're still referring to the True Gentleman—does not give vent to vulgar noises, loud or low, in the presence of others. He does not utter profanity when in earshot of ladies who may or may not be familiar with the terms he chooses to select.

He would choke rather than expectorate on an expensive carpet and employs the cuff of his trousers as a repository for cigarette ashes only in cases of extreme



THE DUDE

"Now I've seen everything!"

emergency. He has only a cold contempt for any cad who would publicly place digit in eye, ear, nose or throat and waggle it, realizing that such exploratory or excavatory operations are properly pursued only in solitude.

All these, we are confident, are routine matters to most of us and need no further elaboration. The ground rules for what I slangily call the Game of Life were laid out aeons ago and have varied but little since their adoption. Such experts as Emily Post, Amy Vanderbilt and Lord Chesterfield (who preceded these estimable ladies by a few centuries) have given the matter a pretty thorough working over in hard-cover books, ladies' magazines and women's pages.

So much for the rules of Social Intercourse in public. But how about the laws of polite behavior in private? Where is the Post, the Vanderbilt or the Chesterfield who has taken the trouble to advise the uninformed on a vastly more important matter—the Courtesy of the Boudoir?

We know all about Etiquette. But what, I ask, do we know of "Bediquette"?

The unhappy truth is that on the subject of Bedroom Courtesy many of us are as uncouth as hogs. It is the purpose of this treatise to help restore as much couth to the latter as their upbringing will allow.

Don't think it isn't important; it is. More than one romance, to say nothing of countless marriages, has careened crazily on the rocks under the misapprehension that courtesy is something reserved for gatherings of three or more people; that a man or woman may, simultaneously with the dropping of their garments, shed their manners with equal casualness.

In the interest of laying down regulations that could conceivably be recognized some day as Standards of "Bediquette," I have distilled the wisdom gathered from some of the best-loved men in the country—and I use that hyphenated adjective advisedly. My sources are swordsmen who have plied their gay game in the boudoirs of movie stars, society leaders, models, debutantes and other femmes who might well fit under the umbrella classification of "Glamour Queens."

"If I have noted one thing that all

these ladies have in common," pontificated my first Lothario, a one-time singer turned actor's agent, "it is a certain refinement . . . tenderness, if you will, in matters of sex. They approach Love as one approaches a sacred ritual, with hushed voice, downcast eye and a modest mien.

"Most important, they don't talk too much, for mark it well, garrulity is the prime enemy of passion. So should it be with male members of the Eternal Duet. He should always speak in soft, gentle tones, and always directly to the point. Should the lady remonstrate, for instance: 'Careful, darling, you're mussing my hair,' he should respond in the same low tones: 'To hell with your hair, my sweet, it's you I love!'" (Non-sequiturs, you will observe, are common coins in the currency of Love.)

"The important thing," my informant went on, "is not what you say, but the tone you use. If you said the same thing in a strident voice, you would shatter the feeling of communion between you and break the rapport.

"A final rule," he said, "is this.
(turn to page 68)

pictorial essay

Just as the turbulence of
the Middle Ages ended
in the Renaissance
of Da Vinci, Michelangelo
and their heirs,
post-war Italy is
undergoing a re-birth.

RE-RENAISSANCE



*Not content with flooding the world with new and exciting designs like
the Lambretta, the Necchi, the new look in men's clothes called the
Continental fashion and ending forever the tyranny of red table wine
by exporting the exciting beverage called Soave, the Italians in the person
of one Mario Raffi are now taking over a field once completely American.
and they're topping us at our own game!
Until now no one has ever attempted to compete with our artists in the*

drawing of provocative, vital paintings that are used as the covers on paperback novels. The sale of the average paperback stands or falls on the ability of the cover artist to make the reader want to buy the book in order to read about the titillating scene on the cover . . .

This is the field in which Italian artist Mario Raffi is supreme. The examples of his work shown on these pages give you just a vague idea of the man's capabilities and give you no idea at all as to what a wild and colorful character he is.

To quote from a profile written by his American representative, Mario Minafra (translator, teacher, lexicographer and editor; holder of many commendations from the Allied Supreme Command—for whom he worked while attached to the 15th Air Force), unquote Dr. Raffi, the artist, is a man among men. One might think he had descended from Mars and was impatient to return to his home planet. Besides being a painter par excellence, he is a well known writer in Italy under the pen name of Wallace McKenty as well as myriad other pseudonyms. He was in the movies for twenty-five years, wrote scenarios, was a stage designer, montage man, director as well as actor.

"His shoulders are broad as a highway, his jaw is square, his features like those of a Roman emperor. He is forty-two years old, stands six feet four inches tall.

"His sports interests range from aeronautics, motorcycling, auto racing, and rowboating to skiing. He is an expert with side-arms and can light a match at ten meters with a pistol.

"He is lucky beyond belief. Few will gamble with him since he invariably wins. The Italian government has promised him an annuity if he will stop playing the state lottery.

"His staff consists of himself, his lovely wife and two assistants. They work under his close supervision. With him they are a successful team; away from him they have not been successful.

"Adriana Rocchi, one of his assistants, is a painter and draftsman. Beautiful enough to have been elected Miss Italy in 1950, she closely resembles Gina Lollobrigida. Her painting style ranges from the modern to the seventeenth century techniques of Paolo Migheti and Mansini.

"Mario Caria, the other assistant, attended the Lyceum School of Fine Arts Academy and is an all-round artist and work horse.

"Mario Raffi has designed his studio so that all his artists are interchangeable, rather like the way Walt Disney has his studio set up. Their ultimate aim, in which they succeed admirably, is for all to work on a painting, each doing what he does best (figures, backgrounds or props), but to leave the impression at the finish that but a single talented hand has been involved in the production.

"Dr. Raffi's method is founded on the American, in that he works both from models and from color photographs, as well as from his vivid imagination. Dr. Raffi sets up all the basic sketches before his assistants take over the work.

"When asked how he had so completely captured, not to say improved, on the American style, he answered, 'The whole world has been invaded by American culture as represented by American films. All I did was capture the essence of the U.S. as shown photographically by Hollywood . . .'

To which any viewer of Dr. Raffi's paintings can only echo a loud hosanna!



3	4	5	6	8	10	11	12	13	15	16	19	21	22	24	28	30	32	34	36	37	38	39	42	44	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
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[illegible]

GENERAL PURPOSE 90 FIELD D

THE BET

(continued from page 32)

"What will you think of me?" she sobbed.

"I think you're lovely," I admitted.

"You'll tell everyone. They'll say I'm just a tramp."

"I wouldn't do that, Geraldine. Honest."

"Promise you'll never tell anyone," she said, her tear streaked face only an inch from mine. "I'd die if you told."

"I'll never tell a soul, Geraldine. I promise."

So I stayed . . . And in the morning she kissed me awake . . . A lovely way to wake up.

We lounged around all morning, and went for a drive in the afternoon, and I stayed for dinner, and we went to a movie, and I stayed Saturday night. She woke me with more of the same Sunday morning, and breakfast, Sunday paper, and coffee flavored kisses.

I stayed Sunday night, too. But she wouldn't let me drive her to work Monday. Before I left she reminded me of my promise.

"I'd just die if you told anyone," she said.

So I pledged never to tell a living soul, and didn't fully realize what I'd done until I saw Burdick at the office.

"Ready to pay up?" he demanded.

Then it hit me! No winning the bet, not unless I broke my promise to Geraldine. Twenty-five dollars down the tubes! What the hell, I thought, no use in prolonging the agony. "Payday," I muttered, and stalked off, Burdick chuckling behind me.

Ristic Advertising got their money's worth out of me that day. Pamphlets, brochures, and ads fairly flew from my desk. Until about three, when I got a note, sealed in a plain envelope. "Will I see you tonight?" it said. "Love, Geraldine."

Stern, business-like Miss Price? To say that I was proud to have brought such joy into the world is a major understatement. Proud not just then, but that night, and the next morning too, when I awoke to Miss Price, breakfast and kisses.

I was proud the next night too. Like a conquering hero.

My pride held up for two long weeks. Whatever I'd done to Geraldine Price, I'd sure liberated an ex-

cess of energy. That lady just loved to love. Till those two weeks I'd never believed the stories about too much of a good thing. Not me, I'd said.

And yet she was still the office prude. She wouldn't even speak to me during duty hours. No contact whatsoever, except for notes. But via notes she was libido incarnate. She even thought up things to do during lunch hour. Eight unbroken hours of abstinence were more than Miss Price seemed able to bear.

Sunday of the third weekend, I weakened.

"I'm sorry, Geraldine," I mumbled, shamefaced.

"You poor boy," she said.

About then I fell asleep, or passed out.

I told myself it had to cease. I ignored her notes on Monday, stayed home Monday night. I did the same Tuesday. I began to feel much better.

Wednesday evening she called me at home. I was slumped in my easy chair, reading a book.

"Please come over, darling," she said.

"It's no good, Geraldine," I said.

"We'll just talk," she coaxed. "Let me come over there."

I argued, but she persisted. So she came. And tried to kiss me at the door, while I dodged like a skittish virgin.



THE DUDE

"I'd advise you to stay out of bed for a few days, young lady."

"Look, Geraldine," I said. "I'm calling it quits."

She stared at her hands for a couple of minutes. She pursed her lips, and narrowed her eyes.

"I'll need a little favor," she finally said.

"Anything within my power," I said.

"There's a young man in the mail room. Phillip Ashton."

"A tall guy with dark hair and a big chin?"

"That's him. I want . . ."

"Why Geraldine!"

"Well, you're not going to see me any more."

"Would you like me to introduce him to you?" I said.

"Oh, goodness no. It might get around the agency. I've got to think of my reputation."

"Then what can I do?" Poor, prim Miss Price, I thought.

"Well, you might strike up a friendship with him," she said. "Then you could trick him into a bet. Bet he can't make love to me."

"Huh?"

"Of course, I'll make him promise never to tell anyone."

"But . . ."

"And then you'll win back the \$25 you lost to Bill Burdick."



GOOD THING

(continued from page 10)

"I don't mix them. The bartender does," Eddie said.

Brand winced. "Let's not be seen leaving together. Downstairs, at the Lexington Avenue entrance, in five minutes. I'll be in a white Thunderbird."

"Right!" said Eddie. "Downstairs, five minutes. Thunderbird."

Brand, after a quick scanning of the surrounding booths in the room, vanished swiftly and gracefully out through the velvet drapes masking the entrance.

Eddie stared at his watch, sighed, and used both hands to gulp down his drinks. He quivered a bit as they met in his stomach, blinked his eyes, then got down from the stool. "I can't wait," he muttered, and dashed through the selfsame drapes in the pursuit of happiness.

Within an hour, Eddie was staring in fascination at an unrolled parchment atop a mirror-topped coffee table, in Brand's hotel suite. "Must I sign in blood?" he quavered.

"Hell no," said Brand. "Ink will do fine."

"I thought you'd demand my soul," said Eddie, staring at the details of the contract.

"I'm afraid we're overstocked at the moment," said Brand, with a contented sigh. "What we really need is working capital."

Eddie nodded, squinting to read the small print in the contract before him. "This 'Lodestone Look,'" he said, cautiously, "how does it work?"

"Mechanics or effect?" asked Brand.

Effect, of course," said Eddie. "What'll it do to women when I show it to them?"

"Not women!" Brand shook his head, in a minor fit of exasperation. "*Woman*. Singular. One."

"Only *one*?" Eddie said, wistfully.

Brand seemed about to tear his hair, then reconsidered and bestowed upon Eddie the fond smile of a teacher toward an earnest but stupid pupil.

"How many women do you now have?"

"None."

"How many do you expect to get?"

"Without your help?"

"Without my help."

"None."

"Well then?"

Eddie thought it over, then shrugged and signed his name on the parchment and the two copies beneath it. "I didn't think you could make carbons when you typed on parchment," he said, re-capping his old-fashioned pen.

"It's not easy," Brand admitted, scooping up the three copies and scrutinizing them carefully. Eddie sat and waited, in fluttering hope.

Finally, Brand smiled, folded the contracts in three and stuffed two in an inner pocket. The third he handed to Eddie. "One for you," he said, his eyes glinting. "A reminder of our bargain."

Eddie took it and slid it into a pocket. "What do I do now?" he asked.

"Didn't you *read* the contract?" Brand exploded.

"I—I forgot," said Eddie, turning pink. "If you could skim over the broader details—there was an *awful* lot of small print, you know . . ."

"Very well," Brand sighed. "You have agreed to turn over to me all your moneys, chattels and credit cards, in exchange for the 'Lodestone Look,' in order that you may at last, after thirty-odd years of striving, find love."

"Yes, but what do I *do*?" asked Eddie.

"You sit here," said Brand. "Soon, that door—" he swept a tapering index finger toward the entrance of his palatial suite, "—will open and admit a woman. You will approach her, look deep into her eyes, and she will all at once be *yours*, Eddie. *All yours*. Forever."

"Got it," said Eddie. "Sit here, wait, look, all mine. Got it."

"Good luck, Eddie," said Brand, shaking his hand.

"Where are you going?" asked Eddie.

"Three, as you will soon learn, is a crowd," said Brand, winking roguishly at Eddie. Eddie blushed.

Brand vanished as mysteriously as in the Zenith Lounge, with a flicker of velvet drapes, a magical illusion spoiled only by the slam of the door in the foyer.

Eddie waited, patiently.

After an hour, he heard the click of the latch. His heart welled up within him, nearly bursting with hot anticipation.

Someone came in at the door.

Eddie turned his gaze toward the foyer, a hopeful fire burning in his eyes. Then he stood up so quickly he knocked the chair over on its back.

"Mother!" he cried.

His mother came toward him, shaking her head. "Well, son, you've done it *again*!" she chided wistfully. "All your worldly goods to this Phansigar man! *Honestly*, Eddie!"

Eddie's heart sank. "He—he kept his word, too. He said the next woman to—but *you* love me *any-how*!" He was near to tears.

His mother sighed. "Come, I'll take you home with me. Your father and I will put you up until our shares of AT&T split and we can start you out on your own."

"AT&T never splits," Eddie pouted.

"Perhaps that's a mercy," she sighed. "Come on home, son."

"Oh, Mother!" Eddie moaned, wringing his hands, "*why* is it always the same? I never get a girl! And yet, with all my money and social position, one would think that—"

"Please, let's not go over that again . . ." his mother began.

"But Mother," he continued, "I'm easily twice as good looking as any other millionaire in town!"

"Son," said his mother patiently, "we try and try and *try* to tell you: That's just your *trouble*!"

Eddie followed her slowly toward the door. "I don't understand," said the Cary Grant head to the Abe Lincoln head.

"I'll *never* understand!" it replied, bewildered.

"Don't forget your hats," said Eddie's mother.



"Drink gives me character."

OO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HEINI MAYR



San Francisco comes to New York in the person of Lawrence Lipton (above center), author of "The Holy Barbarians" . . . a palimpsest devoted to the doings of "The Beats."

like go, man!



Hidden away in a cellar down below the Village, on Manhattan's lower East Side is a wild, swinging place called "The Village Gate." Featuring anything the proprietors feel is of merit, from a concert by David Tudor devoted to Webern, Debussy and Nilsson, to the coolest of far out jazz, it seemed



Just to prove Terpsichore is not one of the forgotten goddesses in Beatsville, here are shots of the dance in action, ranging from the "Lindy" to the footstamping rhythms of Geoffrey Holder, one of Trinidad's top contributions to the arts.

like the most natural place in the world to throw a shindig in honor of Lawrence Lipton. Lipton, a one time Village-ite who made the scene on the Coast in time to become the chronicler of the hip and the beat, could only be greeted by the bearded set.

Typical of the thoughtfulness of the management was the accompanying glossary which was supplied for the uptown types.



FIRST DAD . . . LEARN THE LANGUAGE ! ! !

Nervous: contemporary	HIP: Hospital Insurance Plan
Beat: depressed, exhausted, negative	Bit: idea, action, scene
Hung Up: depressed, confused	Scene: place, event, emotional climate
Funk: depression	Cool: with great and profound calm, perfect
Drug: depressed, disappointed, angry	Dig: we must for a greater New York
Bug: drag, annoy	In front: in the beginning, beforehand
Junk: narcotics	Wig: flip, enthuse, gas
Pot: marijuana	Nutty: great, wonderful, funny
Fuzz: police	Swing: ball, have fun
Bust: arrest	Swinging: exciting
Turn On: smoke pot	"Bird": Charlie Parker
Get Straight: score	Pad: apartment
Score: pick up	Fink: finque
Bread: money	Shaking: occurring
Split: cut out	Campy: fraudulent and fruity
Cut Out: depart	"Prez": Dwight David Eisenhower
Put Down: knock, belittle, criticize	



At first, that is before the first bit of juice, the meeting came to order just about the way a Lion's or Kiwanis meeting would . . .

But then, as the pictures show, as the evening progressed, the joint started to jump, the chicks started to swing, and it was like money from home.

If you're in town, as you must be sooner or later. you got to make it straight to The Gate . . .

You can be sure there'll be a lot of action, that it'll be like nervous, and there'll be no fuzz-balls to put you down, dig?

Funky it ain't, and the guarantee is out that you won't get hung up, so get your bread, bug but no one, and make it like you too are kooky . . .

It's the only way you'll be in front, and Dude readers have to be Frontsville, or else . . .

NO FREE BRUSH FOR ME

(continued from page 48)

audience, and thus put herself in the running for a movie sale, a paperback reprint, or a TV dramatic series on a prime evening segment, with residuals.

To begin with, she needs a name, a boon that her publishers, in their frenzy to stock her dressing table and broom closets with the full line of their products, have not taken the trouble to grant her. I suggest Mabs O'Hara, for its combination of fresh, saucy pertness with a hint of the abandoned madcap—though Angeli-que Amber or Scarlett Metallic would do as well, if no one has claimed prior rights.

Mabs, if I may so call her, makes her revelations in the pages of *The Muller Brush Magazine* in the first person, in the accepted manner of the confessional *genre*—from Casanova and De Quincey down to Frank Harris and Bernarr Macfadden. But right on the first page, under the heading of "Who'd ever think I'd write a love story?" she commits the novice's blunder of tipping her hand to the story's ending. I will withhold her misplaced afterword for its proper spot, and summarize her diary of "those happy, carefree Cypress Gardens days" from its initial entry.

On "Thursday the 9th," then, Mabs gets her first awe-struck look at a fleet of the water-borne Rockettes for which the Florida resort is famous—a fabulous sight for which her "summers teaching water skiing at Dad's camp in Maine" had inadequately prepared her. "Wonder if I could ever be that good?" she wonders.

"Friday the 10th . . . I did it," she carries on, and documents her momentous meeting with Mr. Pope, the *maitre* of Florida's Athens of water-ski culture. "Said he'd give me a chance to become an Aqua-Maid eventually, if I'm good enough."

"Eventually," in Mr. Pope's fast-paced vocabulary, turns out to mean later the same day. Thumbing past a double-page spread of Muller cosmetics, in which Mabs takes time out to shill for the company's lanolin-fortified lipstick, hormone-enriched lotion, and fine-spun pressed powder in three ravishing shades, we come upon her at her next stop, the Wardrobe Room. Here she is fitted to a "Southern belle" costume in an ap-

propriate shade of aqua by the Wardrobe Mistress, a character actress of the Ma Perkins stripe who is to figure crucially in a later scene.

Then she hustles off to join Mr. Pope for a joint review of her person and some more of the front-runners of his aquatic stable.

"As he looked me over," she confides—and here the back view of Mr. Pope's head charitably hides any concupiscent leer that might be playing over his features—"I was positively fascinated watching that young man go flying through the air on a big kite and water skis . . ."

These last three dots spur us on past a page devoted to soaps, bubble-bath concentrates, skin sachets, body powders and colognes—where Mabs pauses, apparently after a fast tubbing, to apply a splash of tingling, tangy Mystic Moment to her enchantingly undraped shoulders—to her illustrated entry for "Monday the 20th." Finished with her latest commercial, and unquestionably kissing-sweet all over, Mabs next appears in full-page color with Bob, as we now learn her instructor is named, who has come down to her, and the water's level.

"'Lessons' were never like this!" Mabs enthuses, evidently referring back to her kid-stuff experiences as an instructress at Dad's camp in Maine. "Actually, I could ski lots better if I tried . . . but it's so much fun having Bob teach me . . . I want to make it last . . ."

Foolish girl! Such moments of ecstasy don't last. They mount to a thrilling culmination, child; you sink into a swoon of delicious lassitude, rally enough to smoke a cigarette and wind the clock, then rest until your sated senses are freshened. Short of the grave, moppet, no pleasure endures without cease.

An intimation of these truisms seems to have reached Mabs by the time we rejoin her—she was beginning to fall apart a little that last scene—on the next page. Here we are granted another of those stimulating glimpses of her, alone in her bathroom, which indicate that she does indeed take needed breaks between Bob's exhilarating instructions. Her bosom fetchingly covered with a towel, she is about to rinse the billowing suds of Sparkling Gold Liquid Cream Shampoo out of her chestnut locks and finish with a Hi-Lustre Spray and Hair Set in the

Slim Jim aerosol container by you know who.

Thus refreshed, and presumably rendered offense-proof by an application of the Anti-Perspirant Deodorant Stick featured on the same spread, we find Mabs ready for the color spectacular dated "Wednesday the 29th" (a full nine days after her last romantic engagement in public, on "Monday the 20th"). In this she has achieved almost exactly the same suspenseful position that Maria Al-lasio had achieved when her director, Dino Risi, cried "*Basta! Fino! Il ultimo! Assolutamente il unico One Way!*" Except that Mabs has catapulted herself several inches higher up against her partner, who now grips both drag-ropes in the manly style of a bullwhacker driving his team down the old Santa Fe Trail, while his arms make a sturdy cradle for Mabs' charming little derriere. And that the features of both of them, in sunny contrast to those of Miss Al-lasio and her moody partner, are wreathed in pearly smiles that speak volumes for the Muller disciplines . . .

Here it is that Mabs, with a touch of self-doubt ("Getting pretty professional in spite of myself") alludes to her mastery of the "Up in the Clouds" ("where am I!") stunt and the aforementioned other two. "Bob's put me through all the hurdles . . . says I'm a wonderful skier," she notes once she has slipped out of her wet bathing suit and back between the dry sheets of her diary. Then she adds, confoundingly, "Doesn't he ever think of *anything* but skiing???"

On "Friday the 7th," we find Mabs alone, leaning wistfully against the butt of a local landmark and musing "I can *wish*, can't I? And the *Wishing Palm* has to make wishes come true. . . I really do want him to fall in love with me. . . ." The next several scenes, in which plucky Mabs forges on to become prima ballerina, then star of the Aqua Show, and finally Beauty Queen, carry her from one "Monday the 10th" to the next "Monday the 10th" without advancing her romance with Bob so that we can notice it. Finally, on the second of these Mondays, we see the graying Wardrobe Mistress bending benignly over Mabs as she rests her perplexed head on an ironing-board, and instructing the neglected beauty in a potent bit of Everglades voodoo: "He's just shy. . . . Take him to the Red Powder Puff Tree. . . ."



THE DUDE

That same night, Mabs is seen nuzzling up behind Bob, in a kind of pre-piggy-back position, beneath the designated tree, and letting us read her thoughts: "Legend says it has magical powers . . . that when the tongue-tied lover stands within its bewitched circle, he can speak what's in his heart. . . ." We get an inkling of what Mabs wants Bob to have in his heart on the facing page, where we see her scouring an oven door and surrounded by an array of brushes and cleansers, under the gladsome motto, "Muller takes the irk out of work!" On the next spread, Bob turns around to face her as Mabs comes in for the clinch and exults, ". . . and Bob did!" (Speak what's in his heart, that is.) "That magic really worked! . . . for now my last and most important wish is coming true. We're going to be married . . . soon . . . right here in our own 'Garden of Eden.'" And on the opposite page, the theme of triumphing domesticity rises to a smashing climax in a dramatic shot of Mabs, under the banner of "No muss—no fuss!" applying one Muller brush to the rim of her bathtub with her right hand, while with her left she tidies up the already gleaming tile floor with a Spatter Mop, *simultaneously*.

Then it's all over but the beautiful wedding under the water-ski arch, the frolics with the bowl cleaner and perfumed toilet blocks, the honeymoon trip across Lake Louise, and the "Spray-away-household-trouble-makers" festival. The *romance* is all over, that is, and here is the proper spot for Mabs, the New Aqua-Maid become Aqua-Mother, to come in with her misplaced foreword: ". . . and here I am now, a settled, married woman, in my own house, with little Bobby asleep in the next room. . . ." The final scene, following that of the wedding on "Tuesday the 27th," is *undated*, and finds Mabs and Bob snuggled into the corner of a cheery dining nook with bonny little Bobby between them. The tyke is well into his first year, and already shows that he has inherited his mother's ambidexterity by waving a hunk of zwi-back mouthward in each fist.

Mabs' reticence about the date of this scene is easily understood, but if an expanded version of her story is to satisfy the lending-library and matinee trade, she is going to have to be considerably more candid about certain events that undoubtedly took place around, or *during*, the time Bob was putting her "through all the hurdles . . . even the 'Topside Tan-

dem.'" I need hardly indicate the nature of these events any more explicitly here, but it seems quite obvious that what Bob was fending off all along was not Mabs, but matrimony. It is true that in the wedding march beneath the upraised water skis, we don't see any such cartoon character as Ol' Pop holding a shotgun, but there's an end-man among the arch-makers who just *could* be Big Brother, ready to bring his water ski down with smashing effect if the groom should take it into his head to turn tail.

Play square with those hot scenes in the lagoons in the revise, fill in all those gaping lacunae in Mabs' diary, and the audience will then be prepared to take the wedding as the hero's time-honored penalty for his fun, at the same time as you fulfill the stringent requirements of the production code. Then there'll be nothing to keep the epic from hitting the silver screens, heralded by:

"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO LOVE—THE WATER-SKIING, MOP-SWINGING, MAN-MOUSEFYING HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS WAY!"

A BUNNY FOR EDDIE

(continued from page 38)

were fighting here in my living room. Listen, you have to hear this."

She took a cigarette from the tray on the table, lit it and sent smoke hissing up at the ceiling.

"We were all drinking — talking about everything under the sun. And then the conversation got around to knights and chivalry. You know how conversations can drift when you're blotto?"

Eddie nodded.

"So, kiddingly, I said I thought those were the days when men really had respect for women—even fought for them. Then Madison-Square-Gardensville! I was kidding, of course. Personally, I think knights were a bunch of idiots—wearing all that ridiculous armor. But Ralph, who is with the modeling agency that handles me, he laughs and gets up and socks this little guy in the jaw. Then comes the worst. This little guy, who I don't even know, turns out to be an ex-judo instructor and starts tossing Ralph around the room like a ping-pong ball. Guys try to stop him and he just gives them," she made a chopping motion with her hand, "that open palm they use. God, it's a wonder the police didn't come."

She pursed her lips, pondering this for a moment, and then she sat up straight.

"Say, does this Phil Gaynes wear a denim sea cap—with a visor?"

"All the time," Eddie said. "With a picture of an anchor on the front." He had only been to Rick's four or five times, but Phil always wore the sea cap.

"Oh Christ. Philsie!"

"Philsie?"

"Phil Hubbard, my ex-husband. He probably uses *Gaynes* to get out of paying his debts." She shook her head. "Every time I get an unlisted address and telephone and every damned time he finds me. Now I have to move again!"

"How do you know it's the same Phil?"

"Are you kidding? How many guys wear a sea cap all the time? Does he say things are like 'uptown' when he likes them? Does he talk about going 'first class' here and there?"

Eddie swallowed. Phil had used those expressions just last night. "Yeah, he does."

"Say no more. It's him all right. Edsie, take my advice and have the F. B. I. check out prospective mates before you marry them. Ever been married?"

Eddie shook his head.

"Well, *don't*. Blah blah is what it is. Yak yak until you have to go and get a divorce. And when you get a jealous maniac, a phoney and a chronic liar, you've got troublesville. Philsie was the most jealous man alive. *Insane* practically. I couldn't even go to the liquor store without getting cross examined. Even now, with the divorce final, I have to keep changing apartments to keep him from spying on me. This stunt is the crumbiest he's ever pulled, Edsie. I'm sorry you had to meet up with him."

Her shoulder strap had slipped down. Shrugging, she put it back in place.

"That sea cap he wears," she continued. "He's never been on anything

larger than a rowboat. When I first met him he kept telling me about his yacht and all the places we'd go. So after we were married I asked him about it. Guess what he said?"

"What?"

"Dry dock! Married for two years and all that time the thing was supposed to be getting repaired." She nervously ground out her cigarette in the overflowing ash tray. "Well, at least it was an experience. I guess I learned how to support a husband."

"I'm sorry I caused all this," Eddie said.

"Don't be silly, Edsie. *You* didn't cause anything." She leaned and kissed him on the cheek. "It isn't your fault that nut sent you over here."

Eddie's ears tingled. Uncontrollably, he reached out and took her in his arms. "I like you, Mona," he said.

She tensed, resisting him. "Eddie, the bunny bit was a gag. I wouldn't want you to misunderstand. We don't really know . . ."

Gently but firmly he drew her to him until they lay face to face, tightly pressed together. Mona let out a startled cry and a look of amazement crossed her face. "My God!" she said, and went limp.

Eddie felt her trembling and tightened his arms about her. He grew bolder, bolder. The nightgown was smooth and warm under his exploring hands.

Her breath came faster and pretty soon she reached past him and turned up the volume on the radio.

"Not here, Samson," she said.

When Eddie came back into the living room he turned the radio down and collapsed on the sofa. He stared up at the ceiling, pretending the light fixture was a chair and the ceiling really the floor. He was up there walking around when Mona came in, sat down and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Eddie," she said after a long silence, "I want you to come back tomorrow night and the next and the next. I want you to make love to me whenever you want. Would you like to?"

He made a sound—not quite a laugh. "Yes, I'd like to."

"There's just one thing. You musn't ever give me any presents."

"About the only thing I could give you would be some cut-rate gas at Smedley's."

"No, I'm serious. Men are always



buying me things. My closets are jammed with their presents. I don't have *one* mink stole, I have *two*. All men want to do is buy me presents so they can make love to me. I'm sick of it."

Eddie couldn't help grinning. "All right," he said. "No presents."

They sat on the sofa without speaking for a long time, and then Eddie knew she was asleep. "Mona?" he whispered.

She mumbled incoherently.

Smiling, he got a blanket from the bedroom and covered her. Even asleep she is beautiful, he thought, clicking the door softly after him.

Elated, he drove through the dense fog toward his apartment. Mona actually liked him! Him! He had been driving perhaps ten minutes before he realized he hadn't been paying attention to the streets. He stopped beneath a blinking yellow caution signal and rolled down the window to read the street sign. He heard music faintly piercing the thick dampness and, squinting through a clear spot in the fog, he recognized the blue neon sign of Rick's Bar and Grill. He had passed his street by nearly five blocks.

He started to make a U-turn, then changed his mind and backed up and parked in front of Rick's. The man who had been Mona's husband—the man who had tried to trick him would be inside, he knew. Phil was a regular at Rick's.

Once more, Eddie thought, slamming the door after him. *I want to look at the sonofabitch once more.*

Phil sat with two of his friends, talking to Sid, the bartender. Except for them, the place was deserted. Eddie took the first stool he came to.

"A beer, Sid," he called.

"Hey, look!" Phil said.

The three of them wore looks of amusement as they ambled down the bar.

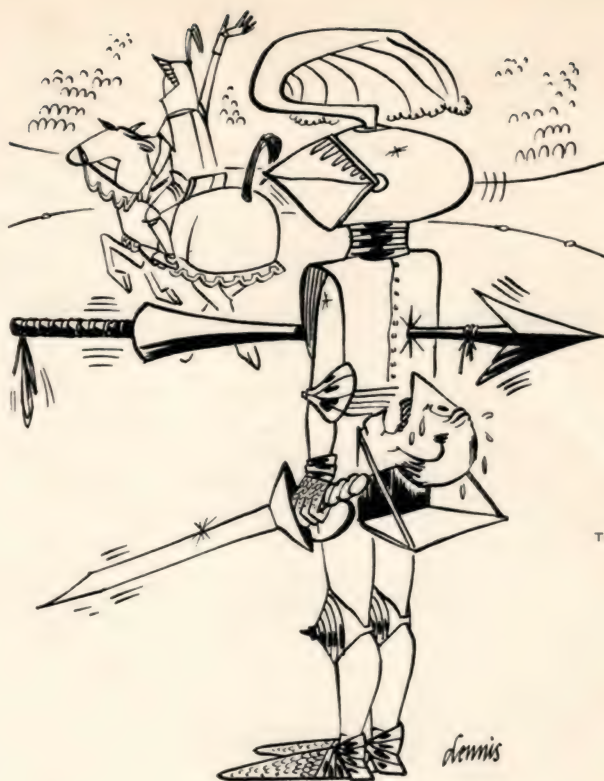
"Hello there, Eddie." Phil's flushed alcoholic's complexion glowed even in the dim light. The sea cap was back on his head and his eyes were like slits in a piece of rotting red fruit.

"Hello, Phil," Eddie said. The bartender set the beer on the bar.

"Did you look up that broad I told you about?" Phil said.

Eddie remembered what Mona had said about his jealousy. "No," he lied. "No, I didn't."

"How come? She's supposed to be a fireball. I got that information from a personal friend. How come you



THE DUDE

"Wow! That was close!"

didn't look her up? Tell me, will you?"

"I don't know. I guess I figured it was a trick."

"A trick?" Phil looked amazed. He put his hand on Eddie's shoulder.

"Naw. Phil Gaynes don't play tricks," Phil's friends said, winking.

"I don't know what to think, fellows," Phil said. "I give the kid a hot tip and he accuses me of tricking him. I think he should show a little appreciation."

"Yeah," Phil's friends said. "Hell yes."

Something in the mood of the men reminded Eddie of a lynch mob. "Sure, Phil," he said nervously. "Give me her phone number and I'll call her up. Sure."

"Telephone?" Phil said. "No, you wanna call on Mona in person, so she'll see what a handsome kid you are and invite you in." He laughed and squeezed Eddie's shoulder.

"Hey, that hurts," Eddie said.

"It does?" He squeezed harder, and then both hands were on Eddie's back, working like a second's on a fighter between rounds. "All right, boy. I wanna win this one, see? When that starting gate opens you take him out front and keep him there, hear?

And don't be afraid to use the whip in the stretch. Tan his hide. You win this one or you'll never ride for my stable again, hear?"

Phil released him and the three men burst into violent laughter. Eddie stared at them. From the distant past he could hear high-pitched voices: "Hey, elf, where's your curly-toed shoes? You gonna be a jockey when you grow up, elf?"

He wanted to scream—tell them they were wrong, that the trick was on them. Mona wanted him! Him! But the words caught in his throat and, tears streaming down his face, he began to laugh.

Startled, Phil and the two men sputtered and spasmed to a halt.

Eddie stood up and with great control said, "If I'm going to win that race tomorrow I'd better get home and rest. I've never been so tired in my life. Exhaustedsville. You know how it is before the big race, Philsie?"

The laughter started again. Only this time Phil wasn't laughing. He just stood there looking as though someone had hit him with a club.

"Night, Philsie," Eddie said, and got out fast.

BED MANNERS

(continued from page 54)

Never, but never, talk business during a Sacred Moment. You may not believe it, but I've seen more damned deals busted up on the couch of Aphrodite than were ever consummated on the tables down at Sardi's."

As an example, he cited the case of a press agent who wanted to land the account of a once-famous and still wealthy movie star who was on the comeback trail. A real schemer, he figured the way to her payroll was through her heart, so he laid siege to that organ at once.

In no time at all, he attained his goal, a place in the lady's bedroom. On the first evening, as she stood there protesting mildly—disrobing all the while—he said: "Honey baby, you are really beautiful. I'm sure that if I were handling your publicity, I could get you on the cover of *Life*. After that, I'd get you an interview with . . ."

Just who was going to interview the actress must remain an eternal mystery, for at that very moment the press agent's big mouth was stopped by a well-aimed slipper.

"You bum," ejaculated Glamourpuss, "you have just talked yourself out of a job! I was seriously thinking of hiring you, but if you can think of business at a time like this, you're not my boy. There's a time and place for everything, my conniving friend, and this is no time or place to talk publicity. Begone!"

On the other hand, my learned friend informs me, there is the instance of a blonde and extraordinarily well put-together young woman who wandered into the purple fields of Hollywood a few years ago and was presented, after considerable wire-pulling, to one of the most influential producers in the place. He fell hard for her spectacular curves.

She ultimately succumbed to his importunings—a matter of three or four days—and agreed to accompany him to Palm Springs for a week-end interlude. As they snuggled up under the crinkly linen sheets, he murmured: "Sweetie, I might have a small part for you in my latest picture, even though you haven't had any acting experience."

She bounced out of bed like a frightened fawn. "Why, Roderick," she emoted, in low, passion-torn tones, "how can you say such a thing at such

a time? I'm interested only in you, for yourself, not as a producing genius. I don't want no part in no pitcher."

It took several minutes of persuasion on the part of the producer to lure the offended young thing back into the sack. It took even more persuasion a week later to get her to accept a role, but she did, and it turned out to be a larger role than he had at first contemplated for her.

Anyway, just four producers later, this young woman signed a \$200,000-a-year contract. And all because she made it a standing—or rather, a horizontal—rule never to discuss money business until after the monkey business was out of the way.

On the matter of preparing for an engagement on the battlefield of sex, we conferred with a prominent television director, feeling that his sense of the theater should be helpful in assaying the importance of proper stage-setting.

"'Bediquette' demands just as stringent a code of rules as Etiquette," he said. "Take, for instance, the matter of undressing. I firmly believe that proper usage calls for both parties to undress simultaneously. This may occasionally be difficult, especially on a debut, but intelligent timing usually can overcome any obstacles."

"Should the gentleman assist the lady?" I asked.

"Unless he is an oaf, a cluck or an old friend of the family," answered the director, "he most certainly should. It gives her a feeling of being coerced, or even raped, a sense that she is so devastating that she has reduced her suitor to glowing coals, driven him to the edge of madness. That sort of thing."

"How far disrobed should the gentleman himself be before he lends his assistance?" I pursued.

The authority wrinkled his brow. "A meaty question," he conceded, "but if the man has any finesse at all, he should be able to discard his own things almost simultaneously with stripping down his partner. It's largely a matter of timing. Incidentally, it is permissible, I'm sure you will be glad to learn, for the lady to come to the aid of the gentleman in certain cases, as, for instance, if a zipper should stick.

"In any event," he went on, agreeing with my first expert, "the matter of disrobing should be carried on in

silence—although soft music, if it can be piped in, is permissible. Under no circumstance should the gentleman give utterance to any such commands as "Take 'em off, kid," or "Let's strip down for action."

Our third consultant, a public relations man for a large New York corporation, stressed the importance of after-the-fact manners. "Many men," he deplored, "consider that when their amorous appetites have been sated, there is no longer any necessity for civil behavior toward the object of their attentions.

"A terrible social gaffe," he said, sadly, wagging his head in disapproval, "especially if the gentleman harbors any thought of return engagements. A woman likes to feel she is liked for her personality as well as for her chassis and mechanical skill; she should be handled in gingerly fashion even after the battle is won.

"I need not tell you," he needlessly told me, "that absolute concentration on the business at hand is vital in all affairs. Nothing is more destructive than to have one of the participants make an irrelevant remark during a performance.

"I shudder to think," he said, "how many marriages have cracked because a wife absently—and vocally—wondered if she should serve mashed potatoes or creamed spinach at the evening repast while her husband industriously applied himself to his work.

"An even worse offense, entirely unforgivable, is to refer to a previous affair, or reveal thoughts of a previous affair, while carrying on a current one. Such slips of the impassioned tongue as calling Peggy 'Mabel' are bad enough, Heaven knows, but I have actually heard of cases where a lady might give utterances to such a brutality as: 'Please dear, not that way; it reminds me of Oscar. Why don't you try to be more like Felix or Joe, or even that bald-headed little squirt Melvin?'

"Equally obnoxious is the Busy Executive type, which may be male or female. This is the person who actually interrupts a Sacred Moment to talk on the phone with another character, leaving his partner to doodle with the bedclothes or count the leaves on the wallpaper design.

"Such behavior is unpardonable—with one exception. If the caller is a Husband or Wife, the lady or gentle-



THE DUDE

"Here comes my husband . . . look innocent."

man may devote up to sixty seconds explaining how forlorn and lonely he or she is without good old Poopsie Boy (or Girl) in the hay with him or her. No other contact with the Outside World is excusable."

None of my beaux gallants would go out on a limb with a precise recommendation on the weighty matter of who gets out of the nice warm sack to rustle up eatables and/or drinkables following a set-to.

The consensus, however, is that the rules of Etiquette may well be applied to "Bediquette." It is the duty of the host or hostess to provide the refreshments. In the lady's home she hits the icebox or stove; in a gentleman's quarters he does. On a neutral field, such as hotel or motel, it devolves upon the male to provide.

The practice of feeding the inner man after the outer man has had his fling is a most laudable one, my advisers tell me. The repast should always be informal and never catered. Third parties should not enter the picture until both contestants are dressed and ready to leave the arena.

While drinks are almost *de rigueur* before an engagement and may be served with propriety following and sometimes even during one, food should never be consumed in bed just before a joust. It may seem strange to have to stress the point in this day and age, but such gaucheries are often practiced. I was told a harrowing tale in this connection.

A young California man we shall call Bob met a young woman we shall call Dotty at a tavern and was immediately smitten with her lovely red hair, her well-stacked form and her enchanting personality. They belted down several screwdrivers in close attunement and soon found they had, oh, so much in common.

A few hours after the initial contact Bob suggested that they run over to a motel to reinforce the friendship they were so assiduously cultivating. She assented, blushing, readily.

It was close to 2 a.m. when they pulled up at one of the hundreds of motels that line both sides of a Los Angeles thoroughfare that shall be nameless. Bob's mind, as you may well understand, was not concerned with such details as the name of the place or the number of palm trees that adorned its welcoming exterior. His mind was where it belonged — on Dotty's shapely self.

"Mr. and Mrs. B. Smith of Phila-

delphia" had no difficulty with the guardians of the portals and were assigned the usual double room. Bobby Boy tossed off his jacket and was delighted to see that Dotty as nonchalantly had kicked off her slippers and was testing the mattress.

When he took her in his arms and planted a rotund kiss on her ruby lips, she responded with a hunger that sent shivers up and down his spine. The night was his! Or was it?

"Before we . . . er . . . before we do anything . . ." she whispered, shyly, "would you do me a favor?"

"Of course, honey," Bob had difficulty holding his voice down to a scream, "anything at all, anything, darling!"

"I know you'll think I'm crazy," she said prettily, "but I'm absolutely dying for a hot dog and a container of coffee. I'd feel so much better if I could eat."

Bob fairly flew to don his jacket and open the door. In a trice he was in his car, headed for the nearest hot dog stand.

Now, the nearest hot dog stand was less than a block away. Unfortunately, however, it was closed at that untimely hour. So were the second, third, fourth and fifth hot dog stands. Bob drove on, like a man in a trance. Ultimately he came upon an all-night hot-dog counter; probably four miles from his point of departure.

He rushed in, blurted his order and rushed out a moment later with the precious victuals and steaming liquid. Back to his car he dashed and began the long journey home.

"Now, let's see, was it the Wel-Kum Inn, the Green Gables or the Palm?" he wondered, as he made his way by dead reckoning back to the motel he had quit a short time before. He tried all three places, but none looked familiar. A block down the road he tried a few more motels, but none had any record of Mr. and Mrs. Smith among their guests.

Bob tried at least twenty motels, cursing himself for a muddle-headed idiot for not making a written notation of the name and address before he left the side of the gorgeous redhead.

To draw this melancholy tale to its conclusion, our hero finally admitted defeat. Dotty, bless her empty-headed, hollow-stomached soul, probably still sits on the edge of the bed, drooling for a hot frank, a canine that has long since grown stale and cold, and

thirsting for a container of coffee that was disgustingly tossed from a car that carried her lover to a faraway place.

Of course, poor Dotty has no one but herself to blame. She was guilty of extraordinarily bad "Bediquette." Next time she meets a nice fellow, believe you me, she'll order her hot dog and coffee *after*.



PUB-LICLY YOURS

(continued from page 5)

sumptuous dining, dancing and such diverse entertainers as Henny Youngman, Somethin' Smith and the Red-heads, Pee Wee Hunt and The Harmonicats.

One of the other features which flipped this otherwise blasé peeper into Pubbery is its double-decker set-up with an intermediate level over the driveway. The latter is the Rainbow Room, accommodating eighty for private parties. The main room seats five hundred including the ultra-modern bar, from which a breathtaking view of the river through the all-windowed wall is afforded. Upstairs, the Admiral's Club seats 175 and the connected outside terrace—strictly a Summertime operation—houses 475.

I'd rather go no further into its space age architectural brilliance. Suffice to say its sleekness compares favorably to a freshly scrubbed, expertly coiffed Brigitte Bardot. And, without assuming the stance of a bragging rooster departing the hen-house, I call this emporium one of the most dazzling nightclubs in the country.

Owner Joseph A. Schoenith—and the lucky frequenters of this Michigan marvel—have got it by the tail.

I've heard of "Champagne Before Breakfast," a tome by fellow craftsman Hy Gardner, and "Breakfast At Tiffany's," Truman Capote's novel, but their printed words of substance do not offer the soul-satisfying sustenance of "Breakfast At Brennan's."

"Breakfast At Brennan's" is certain to spread a smile of satisfaction across countenances of those familiar with the famed French restaurant at 417 Royal Street in New Orleans.

Let me point out immediately that breakfast at Brennan's is served daily from nine a.m. to midnight. That's

no typographical error. So if you're the juice-and-black-coffee type, read no further, Mr. Square. But if you're from the eye-opener-and-wine-and-relax-for-hours gentry, Mr. Hip, you may continue on this journey through this tributary of Mt. Olympus.

This Valhalla of victualdom is probably one of the few restaurants in history ever to have all its portable parts paraded through the streets by proud patrons—on their shoulders. This happened several years ago when Brennan's vacated its original quarters on Bourbon Street to move to its present location. But that's a human interest story in itself. It's merely mentioned here as an insight to the esteem the Brennan name holds for New Orleanians, proud of their fine food factories.

Owen E. Brennan got the ball rolling when he bought the historic old Absinthe House on Bourbon Street, the bar of which was built two hundred years ago and, according to legend, was where Andy Jackson and Jean LaFitte fitted plans for the Delta City's defense in the War of 1812. Brennan wished to prove to deriders that an Irishman could run the best French restaurant in town. He did.

It was Lucius Beebe who gave Owen the idea for Breakfast At Brennan's, a revival of the elaborate 19th century breakfast feast. It clicked instantaneously. So, Mr. Hip, here's the hippest way to break that fast—at any time of the day: grilled grapefruit with kirschwasser, eggs Hussarde with hollandaise sauce, grilled ham and tomato on rusk with marchand-de-vin sauce, hot French bread and marmalade, bananas Foster and cafe au lait.

If you crave the "traditional Brennan breakfast," try this for size: fresh Creole cream cheese, eggs benedict, grilled steak with bearnaise sauce, hot French bread with marmalade, crepes Suzette and café Brulot.

Before you head for Vic Tanny or Slenderella—'cause I could go on and on about this fabulous place—we at DUDE are prepared to send you some of Brennan's famed recipes. Just write for them.

And, as I slowly arise from my typewriter, listing heavily on all sides, I have but one question to ask. Breakfast, anyone?



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FOR THE RECORD

(continued from page 43)

blustering and stupid boss. My God, how could people eat that up? Was he disloyal? No! And how could a guy like Max Tracey, who pulls down seventy-five thousand a year, be stupid? What garbage!

At the sixteenth floor he stepped into the hallway and walked rapidly to the door lettered: MAX TRACEY ASSOCIATES, *Public Relations*. He pushed through the door and closed it after him. The reception room was empty except for its guardian—trim Miss Garnett with the horn-rimmed efficiency and Katherine Gibbs smile.

"Hello, Mr. Bradley."

"Hello, Janet. Anything for me?"

"Some messages on your desk."

"Thank you."

He passed her desk and as he went through the next doorway and headed for his own office, he tried to imagine himself asking Janet Garnett out to East Hampton for the weekend. The thought was laughable, ludicrous. According to the fiction all Madison Avenue receptionists were seductive vamps. Ridiculous, Carl fumed. He nodded and greeted the other employees who worked at their desks or in their glass cubicles.

Settling his lean, athletic body into his chair, he leaned over his desk and thumbed the telephone messages which had been placed carefully on his blotter.

He found it difficult to concentrate, so he leaned back, making a steeple of his finger and shaking his head slowly. Stupid, that was the worst of it. He thought of the talk he had worked on that Tracey was delivering this very day to a group in Philadelphia. "... in this, the dawn of the electronic age, the public relations man is the vanguard of the most important social engineering job of them all—the gradual, but complete reorganization of human society, piece by piece and structure by structure."

And the idiot authors could call a man who says that, stupid! By God, those writers, the whole damn kit and kaboodle will be the first to go! Just take Tracey, now. A top executive who makes practical electronics his hobby. Why his apartment is one big gadget. And honest, a completely honest man.

Carl leaned forward and picked up

one of the phone messages. There was an example of Tracey's honesty. *Call Miss Tabor—important*, the message said. Dorene Tabor, the most recent mistress of the eight rooms on East 71st.

No longer a young man and never an Adonis on his best day, Max Tracey faced facts with intelligence. He wanted a beautiful woman and he wanted her for himself, so he made his choice and set his price and paid it in cash. There was no subterfuge about it, no illusions that Dorene expected a knight errant. Plain facts. There was honesty, plain, simple and unvarnished.

He tapped the slip of paper on his hand. But Dorene, like so many, had read and believed the mythology. It was inconceivable to her that Carl Bradley could be loyal to his boss. The thought was annoying.

Lifting the phone, Carl dialed the Tracey number and waited. The answering voice had a silken quality, a hushed expectancy that Carl found irritating. "This is Carl," he said.

"Oh, Carl, I'm glad. I've been waiting for you to call."

"What's up?"

"Max left some papers here for you to pick up," she said. "He said they're very important."

"I'll send one of the boys."

"Max said for you to get them," she said. "Personally."

He scowled at the phone. A twenty-five-thousand-a-year errand boy. Of course, it might really be important. He checked his watch. He said, "I'll be right up." He hung up the phone and glanced at the other messages. Nothing important. He stood erect, straightened his tie and briskly left the office.

On the street Carl caught the feeling of spring and considered walking, but he stepped to the curb and hailed a cab. He paid the driver before the 71st Street address. It was an old building with a modernized interior, sedate on the outside and expensive inside. He entered the spacious foyer, pressed the button to announce his arrival and walked to the self-service elevator, pressing the button that closed the metal doors and took him to the fourth floor.

He knew that the door would be open, so he didn't ring again, but turned the knob slowly and let himself in, closing the door after him. He passed along the mirrored hallway

(turn to page 74)

there's a NEW word for it!

din'er-out' (din'er-out'), *n.* One who dines away from home, esp. formally.
A brilliant *diner-out*, though but a curate. *Byron.*

diners' club (din'ers' klub), *n.* **1.** the term for single credit card-single billing systems. **2.** used in the sense of comprehensive credit covering a wide variety of purchases and services. **3.** pre-established world-wide credit. **4.** a member of a discerning group. **5.** establishments all over the world which honor the Diners' Club Credit Card.

di-nette' (di-net';di-), *n.* [See-ETTE]. **a.** *Brit.* A hot luncheon. **b.** *U.S.* An alcove serving as a dining room in a small apartment.

Of course, the term "diners' club" is not in your dictionary or, as a matter of fact, in anyone's. After all, "diners' club" can only be descriptive of The Diners' Club and its meaning can only be applied literally to the services it provides. In spite of the fact that "diners' club" does not appear in the dictionary its meaning is clear in any language—all over the world.

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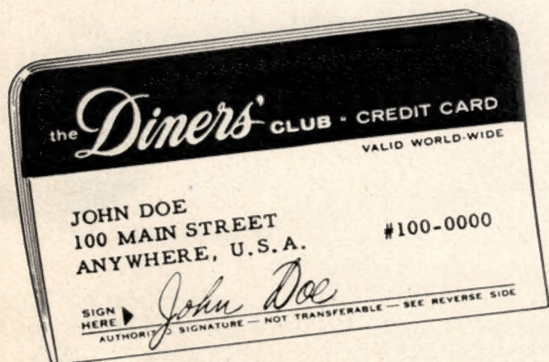
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and turned right into the huge, tastefully furnished living room. He crossed silently on the thick carpeting to the divan which faced the large fireplace. He stood with his hands placed tensely on his hips and looked down upon her.

"You came," she said, her smile a wistful half-smile that was meant to be sensually provocative and was.

The blue silk dressing gown was crushed beneath her reclining body, pulled tight across the flat of her stomach and the swell of her right hip, made fuller by the sideways twist of her position. It fell away from her legs, one fully outstretched, long and perfectly molded; the other bent at the knee and pulled up. It had been pulled off her shoulders, the smoothly rounded flesh gleaming under the shaft of sunlight; and it was open to the waist, showing her pliant con-

tours. It was a studied pose, he knew, but he let his eyes cover her slowly, seeing her with a man's eyes, ending at the face with the wide parted lips, the immense dark eyes with their practiced soulfulness, the black hair parted in the middle and sprawling—looking at her as any man who was a man and still had a gasp of life in him would look at her.

It lasted a half minute, then he said, "Where are the papers?"

She slid her legs off the divan with a graceful movement and stood facing him, pulling the gown around her. "There aren't any papers," she said.

"What do you mean, there aren't any papers?" he said, speaking louder than usual, carefully choosing his words. "You said on the phone that Max wanted me to pick up some important papers. I made a special trip up here because you said Max wanted me to get them personally."

"I know."

"Then what is this?"

"I wanted to talk to you. I want you to help me."

"Help you? What help do you need? You've got it made. You've got Max, what more do you need?"

"But I don't want Max."

"What?"

"I want you." She came toward him and he backed away a step. She stopped. "Haven't you ever noticed the way it is when you're around, the way I look at you?"

"I've noticed and I don't like it."

"Don't you find me attractive?"

He laughed lightly. "I'm not exactly made of stone," he said. "Of course you're attractive, you're more than that. But you belong to Max and I work for Max, and more than that, I consider Max my friend."

She was uncomfortably close and his senses railed against the scent of her . . . He had to be careful in what he said and she was making it difficult.

"I'd be good to you," she said. "Just say yes and I'll move out of here and into your place."

"No! If you don't like it here, then move out. But leave me alone."

"Carl," she said, her tone imploring, "I can't stand it with Max. He's horrible. You have no idea."

"That's your opinion," he said. "For me, Max is the greatest guy I know."

She looked sadly petulant. Her fingers tugged at the belt holding the gown and the thin fabric slipped

away from her body, held back by her arms. She said nothing, but it was not necessary. She wanted to end her bondage to Max Tracey, to move in another direction and she was simply showing her passport. Carl swallowed hard, his emotions threatening to engulf him before he could finish what he had to say.

"You brought me up here on a pretense," he said. "And now, if you don't mind, I'll be leaving."

Taking a step back, he whirled and crossed the room quickly, entering the hallway. He heard the soft movement of her bare feet behind him, but he didn't turn. He reached the hall door and pulled it open. Then he hesitated, as though reconsidering, and turned back to her.

"Please don't go," she whispered.

He moved the door slowly, not closing it completely, and brought his hand away. He advanced on her, his eyes meaningful, and she flung herself against him with a small cry, arching her body against his. His mouth found the hollow of her neck and she gasped, her fingers pulling at the knot in his tie. He lifted her in his arms.

It was spring, that time of metamorphosis, when new warmth brings dormant life to bud and bloom and wreaks startling changes in the order of things.

But not to Carl. When next he appeared in the hallway, he adjusted his tie and smoothed the flannel over his squared shoulders. He was sated, but jubilant and sure of himself. In his mind's eye was the picture of Dorene sprawled voluptuously in the tangle of sheets. No doubt it would be her last day in the apartment.

He went to the door that was still standing open. Carelessness? Not on your life! He paused with his hand on the doorknob and his eyes went up along the doorjam to the small square of copper near the top and the cleverly concealed wires. A circuit breaker, one of Max Tracey's clever innovations. When the door opens, the tape recorder in the living room is automatically turned on. When the door is opened the second time the machine is turned off. Carl went over the things he had said, all for the record.

Closing the door after him, Carl went to the elevator and punched the button to bring the car up. He could tell those writers a thing or two, nothing stupid about Max Tracey.

"To arms, men, the Martians have landed!"

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